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SEPTEMBER 28, 1961 \$1.50

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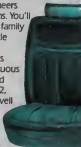
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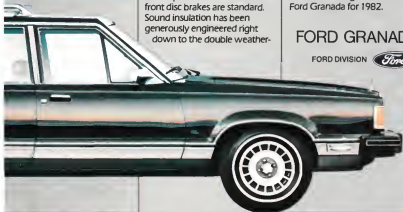
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3

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



BEITCHMAN: CASE OF STYLE OVER STATS

Before sports became the province of statisticians—those joyless gnomes nowadays armed with high-speed calculators—an athlete's performance was often measured by the grace with which it was rendered, rather than the impressive numbers it left in its wake. Fortunately, there are still those who can observe—feel, if you will—a contest without getting dewy about decimals. We have a lot of such people on our staff, and recently, when we came across another, we asked him to join up so that we could keep an eye on him. This perceptive fellow's name is Ted Beitchman, our newest Senior Editor, and last week he was on hand in Las Vegas to coordinate our coverage of the Leonard-Hearn fight, which begins on page 18.

"What's fascinating about boxing is that there's very little that's empirical about it," says Beitchman. "There are no statistics you can look at to prove anything. And you can't calculate courage with numbers." Beitchman cites the furor over the judges' scoring of the fight as proof of the fallibility of subjective measurement.

"The people who attract your eye in sports are the ones who are pretty to watch," Beitchman says, "not the ones who just pile up big numbers. Earl Campbell is obviously a great running back, but I'm not very impressed with the way he runs. To me, O.J. Simpson was a much more graceful runner, and therefore more interesting to watch."

When he was growing up in Philadelphia, Beitchman was enthralled by just such eye-catching athletes, most notably Sandy Koufax, Sonny Jurgensen, Elgin Baylor and Sugar Ray Robinson. "Until I was 12, I thought I was going to be a pro basketball player," he says. "I especially wanted to be Baylor. He was the first guy of whom it was said he could 'hang in midair.' That's physically impossible, of course, and yet it's a wonderful mythic quality to ascribe to a player like Baylor."

Robinson, says Beitchman, "has the capacity to make people happy, no matter where they encounter him." Robinson even added a note of poignancy to last week's fight when Beitchman spotted the former champion making his way toward the high bleacher seats at Caesars Palace. "It was sort of sad," Beitchman says. "People like Vitas Gerulaitis and John McEnroe were out front in the VIP seats, and there was Sugar Ray Robinson, who had once ruled the welterweight and middleweight divisions, sitting in the cheap seats. When he walked up the stairs, all the people in the two nearest sections stood and applauded."

Beitchman realized he would probably get into journalism even before he had decided he wanted to be Elgin Baylor, having developed a fascination for newspapers at the age of five. "I couldn't stop looking at them," he says. He worked as a copyboy at *The Philadelphia Bulletin* before enlisting in the Navy at the age of 19. Beitchman returned to school in Penn shortly after being mustered out of the service, but after a year and a half he grew restless and quit school for a copy editing job at the *Los Angeles Times*. After that came stints with *Rolling Stone*, the *L.A. Times* again, *The Washington Star*, the *San Francisco Examiner*, the *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner*, *Inside Sports* and now, finally, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. But then, we're just so happy to have him we're not even keeping score.

Philip D. Haskett

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Shopwalk

by JILL LEBER

THE OUTER GAME OF TENNIS HAS BEEN DRESSED UP BY A NEW TWO-TONE BALL

What's orange and yellow and soon to be smashed, slammed and lobbed all over the U.S.? The new Two-Tone tennis ball, if Penn Athletic Products has its way.

Penn, which first manufactured both the fluorescent yellow and shocking orange balls, the man-made felt-covered ball, and balls for high-altitude play, recently unveiled yet another surprise. And this one is a real eye-opener.

"Face it," says Ed Arrington, Penn's director of marketing, "it's hard to keep your eye on the ball all the time."

The new balls may get us hackers into trouble. Some of the old excuses just won't hold up anymore—whiffed orange balls that simply disappeared into the dusk or yellow balls that were lost in the sun. The two-color balls seem to make more of a difference outdoors, where lighting conditions aren't fixed.

Penn's product development staff tested the new balls on every level of player except professional, and results showed 23% increased accuracy with the orange and yellow ball. Most players said they could better distinguish the spin by watching the speed and rotation of the two colors, a particular advantage for beginners and intermediates.

"The player we're aiming for is the average one," says Arrington, "not Bjorn Borg. Players of his caliber always keep their eyes on the ball."

Arrington said some testers called the ball a "gimmick." Yet several of Penn's competitors admit they too have been experimenting with two-color balls. "Tennis isn't a fad sport," says Arrington. "It's actually very slow to change. Even yellow balls took almost two years to catch on. Then, when they did, it was like opening the floodgates."

Meanwhile, Penn—like its competitors—is anxiously awaiting the fate of the new ball, which will cost about 15% more than the more subdued model.

"Who knows?" says Jim Hogan, national sales manager of Slazenger. "This ball could be the laughingstock of the industry in 1981, but by 1983 it may take over the market."

ONE

The author who celebrated "The Right People" and "The Right Places" now turns to the woman who knew them all.

Stephen Birmingham brings his distinctive style to the life of the Baltimore belle who captured a King and scandalized an Empire. Drawing on previously unpublished sources and extensive interviews with the Duchess of Windsor's friends and relatives, he tells the whole story and spices his narrative with delicious tidbits.

"Anglophiles unable to snare an invitation to the royal event this summer may find some solace in this book...a gossipy, bitchy, and entertaining biography." —*Saturday Review*

"Birmingham's book is the best we have yet had on the whole affair."

—*John Barkham Reviews*



Duchess

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Stephen Birmingham

Illustrated, \$15.95

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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

12 MILES TO FORT ERIC

The wisdom of letting youngsters participate in Little League baseball, pee-wee football and other rigidly structured, parent-dominated sports programs has long been open to serious question. The latest to express misgivings about over-organized children's sport is Scotty Bowman, who coached Team Canada in the recent Canada Cup tournament. The Canadians were routed by the Soviet Union 8-1 in the championship game, and Bowman, general manager and coach of the NHL's Buffalo Sabres, suggested that the formidable Soviet hockey program had benefited from—and this will surely surprise some people—the U.S.S.R.'s unwelcomed approach to the sport, at least as far as kids are concerned. Bowman told Montreal Gazette columnist Ted Blackman that on a visit to Moscow last March, he had been struck by the contrast between what he found there and the situation in U.S. and Canadian cities.

"You walk around neighborhoods there . . . and between every apartment . . . is a concrete lot flooded with water and kids skating, skating, skating for hours and hours," said Bowman. "And you know, they don't even start organizing the kids into teams until they're 12 or so. Not like here. My kid, Stan, is only eight years old and they got him playing a 62-game schedule in Buffalo this year with road trips to Boston and Toronto. Parents are killing hockey here with organization."

"We've got to get the kids back to having fun skating and handling the puck. I call 'em weekend hockey players. They get 'em all dressed up in \$500 worth of equipment Saturday morning, they get an hour's ice in the arena and each kid gets—what?—maybe 20 minutes' ice time. Crises, by the time he's 14 he's sick of the game or can't keep up with those who learned to skate well by accident. The parents love the whole trip, but it is good for the kids? My kid's coach wants to bring the team here to play a Montreal team. Eight years old. I told him, 'Drive

'em across the bridge 12 miles to Fort Eric [Stan doesn't] even know where Montreal is.'"

Bowman further argued that youngsters could best learn to skate by holding off on playing hockey for a while and concentrating instead on figure skating. But it's his intimation that this may also be the best way to avoid burning kids out that seems most compelling. In a later column, Blackman quoted retired NHL great Bobby Orr as saying, "I agree totally with Scotty Bowman. Parents are ruining our hockey by organizing kids into teams and leagues at too young an age."

GEORGE'S BOYS

The starling Red Sox won two of three games against the Yankees last weekend, to move within one-half game of first place in the American League East and raise the possibility that they'll be one of the league's four intradivisional playoff teams, along with the Yankees, A's and, in all likelihood, Royals. Yankee boss George Steinbrenner will then be able to boast—and no doubt will—that all four playoff managers, Ralph Houk, Bob Lemon, Billy Martin and Dick Howser, have skippered the Yankees during the eight years he has owned the team.

RESPECTFULLY YOURS

Despite a history of success on the field and court, University of Maryland football and basketball teams suffer the box-office blight. Last season's 8-3-0 football team sold out 45,000-seat Byrd Stadium only once—for Penn State—in six home games. And while the Terps had a 21-10 record in basketball and had no trouble selling out for the North Carolinas and Notre Dames on their schedule, 14,500-seat Cole Field House had empty seats for the Fairleigh Dickinsons and the Georgia Techs. So Maryland has launched an ambitious ad campaign to fill those seats. The campaign is supported by a hefty \$90,000 budget, \$40,000 of which is being paid to the unlikely star of the ads, Rodney Dangerfield.

The chronically put-upon Dangerfield does his tie-tugging, brow-mopping, eye-bulging, neck-squirming best to persuade potential Terp fans to get on the shuck Dangerfield's weebegone likeness graces billboards on which he says, "I don't get no respect, but Maryland does." In newspaper ads, the comedian is quoted as saying, "Tailgating with the Terps is what I call a respectable way to spend a Saturday." Then there's a 30-second radio-TV spot in which Dangerfield appears with Maryland football coach Jerry Claiborne, who has sometimes been accused of being short on charisma.

Dangerfield: "Hey, Jerry, you and your guys, you get respect all over. How do you do it, eh? Because I don't get any



respect at all. My twin brother, he forgot my birthday."

Claiborne: "Well, Rodney, we get respect with seven bowls in eight seasons, national rankings. . ."

Dangerfield: "Jerry, move it along, will ya? I hope your guys run faster than you talk."

Maryland athletic officials think the Dangerfield ads will pay for themselves in two or three years. This year, at least partly because of the new campaign, Maryland sold 1,000 more season football tickets—at up to \$50 each—than in 1980, and big things are expected from a new 30-second spot in which Dangerfield's foil is the Terps' baldish, garrulous basketball coach, Lefty Driesell.

Driesell: "We're sold out of season tickets. But we got tickets to St. Peter's, LIU, Ohio U., George Mason. . ."

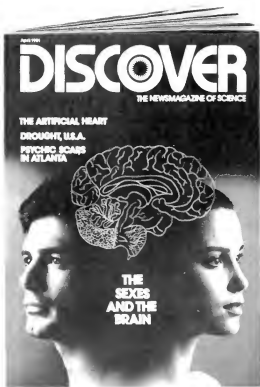
Dangerfield (in basketball shorts and wearing a tie over a Maryland T-shirt): "Hey, don't you ever stop for a comma? Hey, by the way, you need a new cen-

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ter? How about using me on the team?" Driesell (throwing Dangerfield a bunch of used towels): "Sure. Have these back by game time."

Dangerfield: "Very funny. And where do you get those haircuts with the hole in the middle?"

NOTHING'S WHAT IT SEEMS

Back in July at the Meadowlands in New Jersey, a 2-year-old filly named Savilla Lobell, the favorite, was disqualified after finishing first in the \$700,000 Sweetheart Pace. Another driver objected that Savilla Lobell had moved in and collided with his horse, Belinda Hanover, throwing her off stride and causing her to finish last. After examining patrol films of the race, the track judges upheld the complaint, stripped Savilla Lobell of victory and awarded the winning purse of \$350,000 to runner-up Willow Bus.

So far, a routine racetrack story. Objections are common at the races, and disqualifications are hardly rare. But Savilla Lobell's owners were convinced that driver John Kopas hadn't let her interfere with Belinda Hanover, no matter what the films showed. Their lawyer, Ralph J. Pocaro, appealed to the New Jersey Racing Commission.

Pocaro once worked for a TV station and understands something about camera angles. He had experts analyze the films, survey the track and plot the precise courses of the two horses as they came together. He based his case on the mysteries of parallax, which is defined by Webster's as "the difference in apparent direction of an object as seen from two different points not on a straight line with the object." In other words, Pocaro argued that what the judges saw on film wasn't what happened on the track. His case was helped when the official presiding over the hearing asked, "Can you explain to me why the trailer in back of these pictures [a trailer beyond the outside rail that was in the background of the films] seems to move from picture to picture?"

One of Pocaro's expert witnesses, NBC cameraman Fred Himmelfarb, explained. Using blowups of dozens of still shots made from the patrol films and demonstrating parallax distortion with masking tape and a felt-tip pen, he asked the judges to watch how the trailer appeared to shift position as one of the cameras filming the race moved to follow the horses. The same distortion applied to Savilla Lobell, Himmelfarb declared. To

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the untrained eye it appeared that she was bearing in. But, he said, "because the cameraman moved the camera to the left at the same instant as the collision, Savilla Lobell only appeared to go toward . . . Belanda Hanover." In short, the contact between the two horses hadn't been caused by Savilla Lobell. The commission agreed and last month overturned the disqualification. Savilla Lobell was declared the winner.

The case ought to give pause to those urging the use of TV replays as an aid in sports officiating. Far from being infallible, the camera does lie. And oh, what a can of worms the decision may have opened for racing, flat and harness alike. Track officials depend strongly on patrol films for the strict policing of the sport. Heretofore, decisions based on what the judges saw in the films have seldom been challenged. Now, though, when a jockey or a driver is accused of committing mayhem on the far turn, can't you hear the cry go up, "Parallax, judge, it was parallax." I never touched him."

SWIFT LIFT

Several Sigma Alpha Epsilon pledges at the University of Nevada-Reno were water-skiing recently on Pyramid Lake, 30 miles north of Reno, when they persuaded Jeff Britton, an active member of the fraternity, to go to a nearby grocery store to buy a six-pack of beer. In an act of reverse hazing, the pledges then drove off, leaving Britton to get back to campus as best he could. Finding himself abandoned, barefoot and with just 15¢ in his pocket, Britton began hitchhiking along the little-traveled desert road that led to Reno. After a while a car appeared but it didn't stop. A moment later, however, a small plane buzzed overhead and, flagged by Britton, landed on the highway. "Where you going?" asked the pilot. The stranger flew the grateful Britton to Reno. Imagine his tormentors' surprise when they drove up to the SAE house and learned that Britton had already phoned from the airport, having arrived in Reno well ahead of them. And, oh yes, he kept that six-pack to himself.

HOOKED

We're happy to report that John Beresford Tipton, the elusive, million-dollar coho salmon that was the object of an intensive fish hunt waged by some 12,000 pursuers on Puget Sound (SCORECARD, Sept. 21), is no longer on the lam. In a

promotion-charity scheme sponsored by a Seattle auto-supply company, anglers were given 12 hours on Sept. 6 to catch the specially tagged fish and pocket \$1 million in prize money. Tipton didn't bite that day, but various parties later posted lesser rewards for its capture. Last Friday, Forrest Sondrud, a 30-year-old U.S. Forest Service hydrologist, caught Tipton while fishing with a friend not far from the spot where the fish had been released. Sondrud received a total of \$12,405 in prize money. He hadn't been looking for Tipton—wouldn't you know it?—and didn't learn for sure that he'd caught the valuable fish until he brought it ashore several hours later.

CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK

As a boy, Roy Booth Jr. trudged through the Oregon woods with his dad, a timber feller who does contract work for Boise Cascade. He hunted, fished and learned the ways of the forest, and soon was begging his dad to teach him how to sling an ax. "I wanted to do everything Pop did," Junior says.

Father, son and other family members traveled from their La Grande, Ore. home to lumberjack shows across the Pacific Northwest, with Roy Sr. entering and dominating pro events, Roy Jr. showing promise in the novice, or sportsman, category, mother Joan participating in lumberjill competition and daughter JoLene, six years younger than her brother, taking part in logrolling. The family practiced by sawing, chopping and boring in their backyard. "The logs we go through heat our home all winter," Joan says.

Roy Jr., who's now 20 and works with his father and has married and lives in a mobile home next door to his parents' house, is starting to think he may have gone too far in emulating Pop. In 1978 and 1979, Roy Sr. won the first two Homeite Tournament of Kings world chainsawing championships in Charlotte, N.C., but a year ago, Roy Jr., having qualified for the first time for the tournament, which is sometimes called the Lumberjack World Series, dethroned his father, who finished fourth. In the process, Junior broke the older man's world records in speed cutting and the steepclimb. (The tournament's other events are speed boring, precision cutting, tree felling and disc stacking.)

Roy Sr., 48, views his defeat with equanimity. "If I had to be beaten by anyone," he says, "I'm glad it was my son." But

Roy Jr. says, "All my life I looked up to my father—and then, just like that, I beat him. I couldn't believe it. Some of the competitors said Dad had let me win. That not only took away from what I had accomplished, but it darkened his integrity. I felt kind of bad."

Roy Jr. will defend his Tournament of Kings title this weekend in Charlotte against Roy Sr. and 18 other challengers from the U.S., Canada, Australia, Finland and France. The contestants will be vying before an expected crowd of 10,000 for \$10,500 in prize money, including \$6,000 for first place. Roy Jr. continues to have mixed feelings about competing against Pop. "I have an edge practicing against the King every day," he says of his dad, who will always be the King even if he isn't the reigning champ. "I know exactly where I stand at all times." But he also says, "I never do my best against him. I get too nervous. I want to please him. After all, he is my dad."

KEEP THOSE PEREYAS COMING

Some sort of immutable law holds that if you give a government—any government—a lucrative enough source of revenue, it will cling to it like a gutsniper to a found diamond. So it was that when Spanish soccer players went on strike earlier this month and forced a postponement of the start of the season, the national soccer pool was held as scheduled, with 36 lucky fans "accurately" selecting the outcome of all 14 league games. No matter that those games weren't played. Mindful that revenues from the pool can reach \$8 million on a normal week and reluctant to see the government lose their take from that sum, authorities invited fans to fill out their pool predictions as usual. Winners then were determined on the basis of team names drawn from a bingo basket.

And to think that during the baseball strike, betting on the major leagues simply stopped. ¡Caramba!

THEY SAID IT

● Elvin Bethea, Oiler defensive end, asked what he had said to Brian Sipe after sacking the Cleveland quarterback in a 9-3 Oiler win. "I told him I had to go now, but that I'd be back to see him later."

● Fred Aker, Texas football coach, who played all his quarterback except his son, Danny, a Longhorn freshman, in a 31-3 win over Rice, "I'll probably hear from his mother about that."

END

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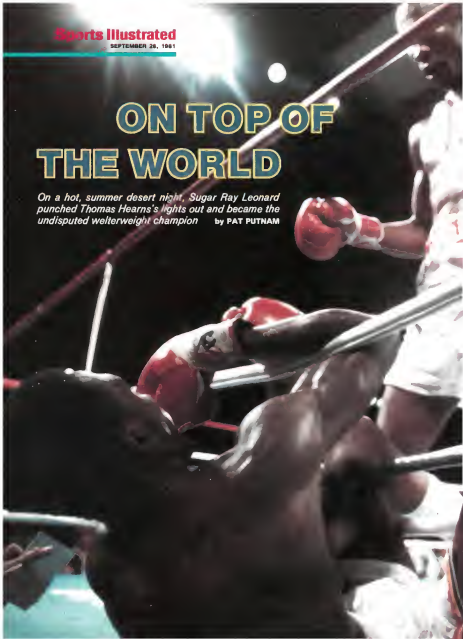
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Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 28, 1981

ON TOP OF THE WORLD

On a hot, summer desert night, Sugar Ray Leonard punched Thomas Hearns's lights out and became the undisputed welterweight champion **by PAT PUTNAM**





CONTINUED



Although the first five rounds belonged mostly to Hearns, Leonard managed to get in a few licks

Little Ray had watched with his mother, Juanita, from a \$500 ringside seat in the temporary stadium erected on the Caesars Palace tennis courts in Las Vegas while Leonard artfully defused Hearns, transforming him from a redoubtable puncher into a bewildered and largely ineffectual boxer until Referee Davey Pearl stopped the fight.

Leonard dominated the fight and dictated the pace. The only excitement and action were produced by Leonard. There were only three lopsided rounds, the sixth, seventh and 13th, and Leonard won them all. And the only fighter really hurt was Hearns. But each of the three judges for the WBC-WBA title unification bout had Leonard behind—by four, three and two points—at the end. All of them inexplicably equated a slap on the wrist with a mugging.

Leonard had Hearns reeling in the sixth and seventh rounds: was within a

THE TOP *continued*

Little Ray Leonard, the 7-year-old star of those 7-Up commercials, studied the battered face of his father, who a few hours earlier had bludgeoned the hitherto undefeated Thomas Hearns into submission at 1:45 of the 14th round. Little Ray was alarmed by the face of the man he adores: handsome features blurred by numbing fatigue, left eye purple and swollen shut.

Little Ray bit his lower lip, blinking away the tears in his bright eyes. "It was a tough fight," he told his 25-year-old father. "But you were tougher." After a moment's thought, little Ray said, "Daddy, why do you keep on fighting? Why don't you take up another sport?"

The exhausted and now undisputed welterweight champion of the world reached deep within, as he had reached within against Hearns, for the strength to smile. "Like what?"

"Like basketball."

When Hearns attempted to pull an Ali by placing his left on Leonard's nose, Ray slipped it aside





While Hearn is generally ineffectual inside, this apparent found the mark in the fourth round

couple of punches of knocking him out in the 13th, and finally bullied him so brutally in the 14th that Pearl had to stop it. However, if the fight had run its 15-round course, Hearn no doubt would have won because of the judges' distorted scoring.

The scoring was on the 10-point method system, which is a fair method if competently applied. The winner of a round receives 10 points while the loser has to settle for nine or less. It is the "or less" that seems to have been miscalculated by judges Lou Tabat—who has been known to count punches on his fingers—Duane Ford and Chuck Minker. Pearl, who didn't have a vote, said, "I figured Hearn was winning all those light-hitting rounds. But Leonard was doing all the heavy damage. I thought it was close Jerez, what if I had let the fight go on and Ray just barely won the last round, and they gave Hearn the decision? Caesars wouldn't have had to tear the stadium down for the Grand Prix Formula 1 auto race that will take place on the hotel grounds Oct. 17. The

people would have done it for them."

The flaw in the 10-point system was plainly evident when you compare the scoring for Rounds 1 and 2 with that for Rounds 6 and 7.

Hearn won Rounds 1 and 2, with a 10-9 edge, mainly because he was the one moving forward. Leonard's powerful domination of 6 and 7 was unjustly rewarded by one-point margins also. The opening rounds were so dull, in fact, that Pearl said: "What do you say we get something going here? Hell, you're both making \$10 million. Let's fight."

For Leonard, it was a strategic piffling. His early orders were to make Hearn move, always turning away from the right hand that had contributed mightily to his record of stopping 30 of his 32 victims. "Hearn can't go but one way, turning to his right," said Janki Morton, Leonard's trainer. "Everybody lets him because they are trying to get away from the jab. And there's no way he's going to jab Ray."

They also wanted Hearn in continual motion because, at 147 pounds, his stamina is highly suspect. At 6' 1" and heavily muscled from his narrow waist up, Hearn has to battle to make 147 pounds. He sheds more than pounds in the sauna. For this fight, which may have been his last as a welterweight, Hearn spent



Hearn's frustration frequently led to snugging

time in the sauna the two nights preceding the weigh-in. Between trips he drank Gatorade.

The drying out worked too well, and Hearn came in at a skeletal 145, one pound less than the 5' 10" Leonard. And he was so dehydrated that even under the intense heat generated by the tele-

continued

vision lights, no sweat appeared on his spindly legs until the 12th round.

The heat wasn't as much of a factor as it could have been. The late-summer Las Vegas weather had been in the 100s for days before the fight, but was only 91° at 7:30 p.m. Wednesday, when the fight was to start. With celebrity introductions and the late arrival of the contestants, it didn't begin until about 7:45, when it was cooler still with a slight breeze. And thanks to TV Producer Ken Wolfe, the TV lights were no real bother. Exactly 24 hours before the fight Wolfe conducted a test of the 500-candlepower lights above the ring. Concluding that they were too powerful, he called Mike Trainer, Leonard's attorney, and said, "You better get down here and check these lights." Trainer did, and he agreed with Wolfe, who then had the 500s replaced by 350s, thus reducing the probability of the fighters being broiled.

"They probably wrapped Hearn's in something all night before the weigh-in," Morton guessed. "We knew he'd come in strong but that he couldn't hold up. Look at all his films. After the sixth round he's out of gas. We just wanted Ray to keep him moving and missing, to make him weak."

This fight was also a major test for Leonard's chin, which had never been exposed to the kind of power Hearn carries in his right hand. "Somewhere along the way we're gonna find out," said Angelo Dundee, Leonard's corner strategist.

Hearn, who was paid \$5.1 million to put his WBA title on the line, seemed in no hurry to have his chin examined. Hearn had always been a fast starter, but he came out almost leisurely against Leonard, as though content to discover how much of Leonard's elusive head he could find with his snapping jab before applying the right hand.

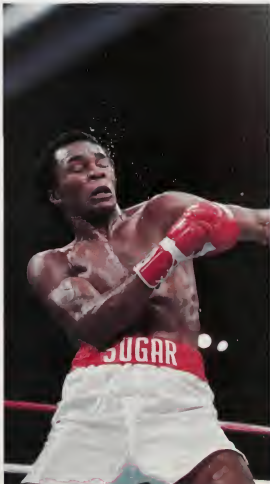
Then, just past the two-minute mark of the second round, Leonard paused, and Hearn drilled a right to his head. Nothing happened. Things like this tend to fluster fighters who bank excessively on punching power. Leonard rolls with the big punches, pulling his head back and away, reducing the impact. It's a move he learned from Ken Norton and

Muhammad Ali. He looks as though he has been tagged, but it's an illusion. Thirty seconds later Leonard gave Hearn a look at his own right, which missed, and then hooked him hard to the body.

After the round Dundee told Leonard, who would make slightly more than \$11 million for his night's work. "Go out

there and outsmart him. Cut him off."

Instead, Leonard went straight at Hearn, dipping to jab to the body, then coming up with two hooks to the head. Hearn responded with a right and left to the head, missed with two wild rights, and then went back to his jab, which was working well enough to bring a slight



Leonard's left cheekbone, injured while he was sparring, was an inviting target for Hearn's left

puffiness right under Leonard's left eye.

Two weeks prior, Leonard had caught an elbow below the eye while sparring with Odell Hadley. After the swelling developed, Dundee worked on it with a miniature flatiron, like something you might find in a dollhouse. "It's better than ice," Dundee said. "You put it in the ice

bucket and it comes out twice as cold." For the full minute between rounds, either Dundee or Morton would press the red iron against the swelling.

Fed up with being the target of Hearns's jab, Leonard switched to southpaw in the third round and caught Hearns with a right jab; he then switched back

and caught him with a looping right. Near the end of the round Leonard dared inside, drilling both hands to Hearns's head. Hearns was totally baffled by Leonard's quickness and agility; it was like trying to catch a puff of smoke, only this smoke was throwing thunderbolts.

When Leonard came back to his cor-

continued



ner, Dundee growled at him. "What are you doing fighting him? Don't stand and fight him. Move. Make him move."

The fourth round, won by Hearns, was memorable only because of a brief flurry after the bell. It wasn't the first. "I don't think Ray was trying to hurt him," Pearl said later. "He just slapped him playfully alongside the head." Hearns didn't think it was playful and hit Leonard in the mouth.

Between the fourth and fifth rounds, Pearl ordered Hearns to stop hitting after the bell, "or it's going to cost you points." In the other corner Dundee and

Morton were telling Leonard, "You're in good shape. Just keep moving." Leonard moved so well in the fifth that he neglected to punch, although he did score with one good right to the head.

The Leonard who came out for the sixth—the man many said couldn't punch with Hearns—was all over Hearns, blasting through his amateurish defense, driving him backward, digging hard countering hooks to the body, snapping rights off the jaw. With 26 seconds to go, Hearns threw a wild right, and Leonard countered underneath with a hook that almost separated Hearns's ribs from his body. Later, Emanuel Steward, Hearns's manager, would say this was the punch from which Hearns never recovered.

Leonard roared in furiously, lining from the hip. Just before the bell

he draped Hearns's lanky frame against the ropes. Hearns weaved his way back to his corner like a man who had spent a long night in a bar.

"The sixth should have been the last round," Morton said later. "Ray had him and he got a little excited. If he had just shortened up his punches he'd have knocked him out."

Hearns came out for the seventh like a man going to the guillotine. He was confused by Leonard's blinding speed, and dazed by his unexpected power. Don't let Leonard's baby face and angelic smile fool you: within, there is that same mean beast that inhabits all great fighters.

Now he went after Hearns and tried to dismantle him. He drilled two hooks to Hearns's aching body, ignored a weak right hand and unloaded another volley of hooks. He worked close to Hearns, where Hearns, a long-armed, straight puncher, is particularly ineffective. "Stay



Leonard reared right and left off Hearns's jaw in the sixth and seventh, changing the tenor of the fight





Even when he came on again in the 11th, Hearns was an easy target for Leonard's sopping jab.

inside?" Dundee screamed from the corner. Leonard seemed to take him literally. Hearns looked ready to go at any moment, only his great pride kept him on his feet as hook after hook thudded into his rail-thin body. Then, with 18 seconds remaining, a right hand sent him reeling into a corner. Leonard fired four more shots before the bell.

These were the rounds given to Leonard only 10-9 by all three judges, the same margin that they had awarded Hearns while he pretty-patted his

way through Rounds 1 and 2. Tabot, Minker and Ford seemed to find violence repugnant.

The expected roles now were reversed. Leonard had backed Hearns up for the first time in Hearns's pro career. Under orders from his corner, Hearns, the feared bomber, suddenly began to ride his bicycle. With his right elbow tucked against his aching side—he didn't dare throw the bomb again until midway through the 11th—he became a relatively unskilled boxer. He circled, ran,

jabbled. And Leonard, the master boxer, became the flat-footed puncher, stalking his fleeing victim with patient fury.

After a minute of chasing, Leonard trapped Hearns, caught him with an overhand right to the head, slammed a hook and scored with another right to the head. As the eighth round wound down, Leonard connected twice more with rights, then snapped Hearns's head back with a combination. Leonard won the round easily. Minker gave it to Hearns.

Then Leonard got lazy, which can be

continued





Hearns went through the ropes in the 12th in what was inauspiciously ruled a push. Later in the round he was floored for the first time as a pro



THE TOP continued

fatal to an ordinary fighter. He was worried about his left eye, in which the vision was now 50%. Almost casually he stalked Hearns, who was on his bicycle and jabbing at the injured eye. With Ray's guns silent, Hearns won the ninth.

Between rounds, Morton told Leonard to go back to work. "Hit him back," Dundee added. "O.K., let's go do something."

The fires were still banked. The 10th was a dull round, with Hearns still retreating, while Leonard, halfheartedly trying to cut off the ring, managed to land only one good punch, an overhand right. It was Leonard's round, but Minkler and Ford gave it to Hearns, who hadn't hit anything but the floor with his feet. Tabat, at least, called it even.

At this point Hearns, a badly beaten

and frustrated fighter running to survive, was leading on all three cards: by four points on Minkler's, three on Tabat's and two on Ford's. In the 11th Hearns, regaining his confidence, went back to doing what he does best: throwing long, snapping left jabs while cocking the ominous right. Moving in for the

first time in five rounds, Hearns fired a right hand to set up Leonard—who was briefly stunned—for a three-punch combination, one of the few times he was able to put punches together. For a split second the strength left Leonard's legs; then, recovering immediately, he danced out of harm's way.

Emboldened by his success in the previous round, Hearns came out firing at Leonard's injured left eye, which was closing further with each passing round. Staggered by a short right, Leonard tried to retaliate with two jabs and a looping right. But Hearns walked

through the weak barrage to unload a series of head-snapping jabs.

Before the bout Cus D'Amato, the fabled boxing oracle, had said: "This fight won't be won by skill; it will be won by the one with the will to win." He would prove a prophet.

Hearns began the 13th round by tripping over Leonard's feet. Hardly had he recovered when his head was snapped back by a vicious right to the temple. In a delayed reaction, he weaved slightly to his right and then staggered to his left along the ropes. Leonard raised his arms above his head in a brief salute to his own prowess, then unloaded 25 straight punches, which sent Hearns reeling through the ropes.

Pearl ruled that Leonard had pushed him rather than knocked him down and ordered Hearns to his feet. "Get up!" he said. Later the somewhat abashed Pearl

continued

said, "I meant to say, 'Can you get up?' but I couldn't get the words out." Hearn came up fighting, only to run into a three-punch combination and then two rights that returned him to his seat on the lower strand of the ropes.

This time Pearl picked up the count at two, reached six when the round ended and was at nine when Hearn recovered his footing.

Sprinting from his corner to begin the 14th, Leonard staggered Hearn with a right to the head, hooked him to the body, slammed four more rights to the head. Hearn was wobbling against the ropes, where there was no respite. Moving in swiftly, Leonard rained blow after blow against his helpless foe until Pearl came to the rescue.

"I didn't have to look into his eyes to

see he had had enough," Pearl said. "He was defenseless. Too many unanswered punches. I was worried about the head shot; he could've been seriously hurt."

Gently, Pearl turned the non-protesting Hearn toward his corner. "When I didn't hear anybody shouting at me from Hearn's corner, I knew I had done the right thing," Pearl said.

Later, after being helped to his dressing room, Hearn asked how much time had remained in the round.

"A minute and 15 seconds," he was told. "O.K.," was all he said.

Pearl's decision was more popular with the live crowd of 23,618 than it was with the worldwide TV audience of some 300 million. Television is one-dimensional: Punches that look damaging are often

continued



Pearl rescued Hearn from the fury of Leonard's storm by ending it at the 1:45 mark of the 14th





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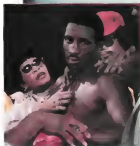
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The thrill of victory and the agony of defeat: Hearn is still the champ in his room's book



THE TOP continued

not, and vice versa. Many of Hearn's jabs either were glancing or missed Leonard altogether. Also, the closed-circuit TV analysts, Ferdie Pacheco and Don Dunphy, were one-sided in their advocacy of Hearn. Both were amazed at Pearl's decision to stop the fight.

The usual post-fight cry of "re-match" was subdued this time. "If we re-

match them right away," Morton said, "Leonard would knock him out in six because Leonard learned from this fight and Hearn didn't." Indeed, when Leonard scored heavily in the sixth and seventh rounds, Hearn reverted to his amateur tactics of backpedaling and jabbing. He won 163 fights as an amateur, but only 11 by knockout. He knows Leonard can hit and hurt him, and Ray knows he can take Thomas' best.

Leonard wasn't surprised that the judges had him behind. "In New Orleans, when Duran quit, I was behind on the cards," Leonard said the next morning. "If the [Ayub] Kalule fight had gone the distance, I'd have lost that decision. I don't know why [they score like they do]. I'm an exception to their rules."

Next for Leonard? Probably Pipino Cuevas in a welterweight defense, early

next year. Cuevas, a former champion, was KO'd by Hearn in the second round 13 months ago. Leonard will probably give up his junior middleweight crown (won from Kalule in June) and continue to fight at 147 pounds, his natural weight. Junior middleweights (155 pounds) can move down; junior welterweights (140 pounds) can move up. Leonard can choose from among Wilfred Benitez, Alexis Arguello, Aaron Pryor, and Sean O'Grady, as well as Cuevas. There could even be a Hearn rematch. Hearn's next step could be against junior middleweight champ Benitez or even middleweight champion Marvin Hagler.

Leonard's closing act most certainly will be Hagler, but it won't be for some time. He still loves the sport too much to walk away. Little Ray will have to be patient. His dad isn't quite ready to take up basketball.

END

A DAY OF PUREST HELL FOR FAUST

A high-flying Notre Dame team, and its coach, were brought down to earth by Michigan **by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY**

Sixty-three minutes before the Michigan-Notre Dame kickoff last Saturday in Ann Arbor, Wolverine Coach Bo Schembechler strode into a room beneath the packed stands of Michigan Stadium. That room, too, was packed—with high school football stars Bo hopes will be wearing maize and blue in future years. Curtly, the 52-year-old coach said, "I hope you enjoy the game, because this is what college football is all about." Then he paused and somberly delivered his exit line: "Our backs are kind of to the wall."

Kind of? Listen, Bo, when you start the season ranked No. 1, then get upset by Wisconsin in your opener, and now have the new No. 1 team in both wire service polls, Notre Dame, staring you in the face, your back's not only to the wall, but your reputation is on the line. Tell it like it is.

Complicating matters for Michigan was the fact that the Irish seemed to have a hex on the Wolverines, having defeated them by two points in 1979 and by the same margin last year. Also, those Irish victors were supposed to have been dull teams with a dull coach, Dan Devine, while the 1981 Irish had showed in their opening-game rout of LSU that they would be an exciting, wide-open team under their enthusiastic new coach from the high school ranks, Gerry Faust.

So, what happened? Well, Michigan won 25-7, before a crowd of 105,888, third-largest in Michigan history, but we're not just talking victory here. We are talking annihilation, dismantling, demolition and object demoralization. For example, Notre Dame went from midway in the second quarter to early in the fourth between first downs. Michigan generated 407 yards of offense to 213 for the Irish. In truth, the game wasn't nearly as close as the score indicated.

Fans with short attention spans could have learned all they needed to know by watching the game's first series of plays,

The very first play was the key to the entire rout. Michigan Quarterback Steve Smith, who admits he was terrible in the 21-14 loss to Wisconsin—the stats (he completed six of 18 passes, three to Michigan players, three to Wisconsin players) back him up—ran right on a keeper, ducked inside and cut up the field for 26 delicious yards. If ever a young man needed success immediately, Smith did.

And when Smith, a sophomore who saw action in only three games last season, jumped up after finally being tackled on his own 38, he had the look of a man high on success.

Had the Irish been able to stop him, the rest of the game might well have had a different look. Notre Dame Defensive Coordinator Jim Johnson confessed, "We felt we could destroy Smith's confidence after what happened at Wiscon-

sin. But we couldn't. Today, they played like a No. 1 team."

Then, one-two-three plays in a row, Tailback Butch Woolfolk stung the Irish defense, running for a total of 24 yards. Smith, with his newfound confidence, rolled left for eight yards and Woolfolk struck for 15 more (he finished with 139 for the day). The point wasn't that Michigan was moving the ball, but that it was doing it easily. It seemed not a question of whether the Wolverines would score, but when and how often. As it turned out, Michigan did fail to score on that opening drive when Ali Haji-Sheikh missed a 31-yard field-goal try. But Michigan had left its calling card with the Notre Dame defense, and would be back knocking again soon. Inevitably. Oh yes, and the Wolverines had done all this without their game-breaker, Flanker Anthony Carter, catching a single pass.

All of which made Woolfolk's observation of last summer seem 100% prophetic: "Our passing game should be elite and our running game superb. I don't understand how we can be stopped." Tackling, of course, would have been one way



A bust the week before, Quarterback Smith rushed for one touchdown and threw for another two



PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE TIENMANN

The green-shirted Springboks confined their battle to a playing field in Racine, routing a U.S. side

A GAME THEY MAY REMEMBER

South Africa's Springboks played rugby on U.S. soil, and it could cost L.A. the 1984 Games **by CLIVE GAMMON**

The whistle blast that may yet be heard around the world sounded at 9:15 C.D.T. last Saturday morning and was heard by no more than 300 Americans, all middle-class white folk, most of them young, some with babies in strollers. They had assembled to watch a game of rugby on the outskirts of Racine, a town of 71,000 set in the pastoral, milder-than-milk country of southern Wisconsin. It would be hard to imagine a less threatening way to start a fall weekend.

Note the date well, though: September 19, 1981. There are many months to go before the 1984 Olympics, but, as those Games approach, millions of Americans

who know little of Racine or rugby may have cause to regret what took place that bright, chilly Wisconsin morning. Indeed, they may come to think of September 19, 1981 with a sharp dismay that not even the flawed Moscow Olympics of 1980 engendered. For this was the day a small group of their countrymen, combining a simple lack of sophistication with a kind of petulant obstinacy, at the very least put the Los Angeles Games in jeopardy and at worst crippled forever the Olympic movement.

And it all happened in such a bumbling, amateurish sort of way. When the referee blew his whistle to set the match and its possible consequences in motion, he was a quarter of an hour behind schedule, which is not uncommon in the happy-go-lucky world of U.S. rugby. As the home team, a representative side culled from midwestern clubs, kicked off, only the somewhat unusual hour of the start seemed anything but normal.

Things were far from normal, however, because the visiting side, 15 strapping young men wearing green and gold uniforms with an emblem of a leaping gazelle on their breasts, was the Springboks, the national rugby team of South

Africa, inevitably a symbol of the apartheid policies of their nation. They had just completed two bitter, violence-racked months of playing in New Zealand. A week earlier, in Auckland, their final game had ended in a wild battle between police and a 6,000-strong mob hurling gasoline bombs from behind barbed-wire barricades, while a protester-piloted Cessna screamed into Eden Park stadium at goalpost height. Now the Springboks, whose mere presence had enraged placid, sheep-may-safely-graze New Zealand, were in Racine at the invitation of the U.S. Rugby Union.

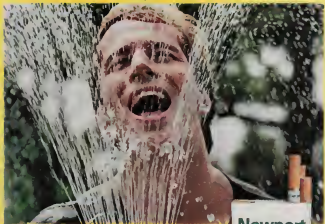
In Auckland, 49,000 people had watched the Springboks. In Racine, they were playing in front of those 300 in a bleacherless meadow called Roosevelt Park, flanked on one side by a National Guard armory with tanks and artillery on display, and on the other by a building that had the look of a clubhouse. It was the Dr. John Bryant Center, which serves the local black community. In a piece of crassness equaled only by their original invitation, the administrators of American rugby had chosen a predominantly black section of Racine for the Springboks' debut.

Before Saturday's match, it seemed that the only game the South Africans might get to play in the U.S. would be Space Invaders, in some dark saloon. One by one, officials in the cities where the Springboks had planned to play—New York and Rochester, Chicago and Albany, N.Y.—had decided not to sanction the matches, thus pacifying protesters of South Africa's racial policies.

In Chicago, where their first game was to have been held in public at the Polo Grounds in suburban Oakbrook, they stayed at the Chicago Athletic Club on Michigan Avenue. Outside the CAC, a small band of picketers did duty on the sidewalk. In a way the anti-apartheid groups had won a small victory by keeping the game out of the city. The real triumph, of course, would have been to prevent the game against the so-called Midwest XV from being held at all. As a clear consequence of this, the tour organizers were humiliated into laying some cloak-and-dagger plans for a pri-

continued

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value game to be played at a secret venue.

At this point, deeply serious as the issues involved were, an element of farce crept into the proceedings. It was as if John Le Carré was collaborating on the subterfuge with the Marx Brothers. The spokesman for U.S. rugby, Edmund Lee, declared that he wouldn't be saying how, where or when the game against the Mad-west XV would be played. At the CAC there were more TV vans than protesters staked out, and on Friday night they had a long cold vigil. Then, at midnight, some members of the media received a phone call: Proceed early in the morning to the junction of I-94 and Route 50 at Kenosha, Wis. Look for a battered pale green '54 Olds in the parking lot of the Howard Johnson's there. Then check for further instructions.

And there in Kenosha, manning the green Olds—Checkpoint Charlie, as it became known—was a bunch of conspiratorial kids in the jerseys of the Racine Rugby Football Club. Their looks were stern, but it was clear that they were bubbling with fun. And just as obvious was the fact that they had little idea of the extent to which they were being betrayed by their elders in the sport.

It is very hard for an outsider to understand the special bonds that hold the rugby world together. Rugby is a close brotherhood based almost everywhere on a genuine amateur ideal. It is a beautiful flowing game at its best, in which you buy your own shoes and, after the contest, a beer for the man who clobbered you in the scrimmage. It is an international sport, and it prides itself on the fact that a player from, say, the Manhattan Blues can walk into a clubhouse in Cardiff, Wales, or Toulouse, France, or, indeed, Johannesburg, South Africa, and be welcomed warmly.

The reverse of this, unhappily, can be a larger mentality as profound as that of the *Broederbond* in South Africa, one that breeds unreasoning loyalty and, as in the case of the men who invited the Springboks to tour the U.S., a perverse refusal to face reality. "The Springboks are just sportsmen who want to play against us," they claim. In the U.S., where the game, though not young, is less developed than it is overseas, it's possible that such a naive concept might be believed, particularly by those kids from the Racine Rugby Club who were having fun out at Checkpoint Charlie.

It is unlikely that those kids have paid

attention to the kind of financial inducements the South Africans are willing to put out to regain, in whatever way, the world of international sport—for instance, the \$111,800 apiece recently offered to English cricketers to play a six-week season in South Africa. They may not even be aware of the somewhat derisory \$25,000 handed to the Eastern Rugby Union in the U.S. by Louis Luyt, a Johannesburg millionaire. Luyt was an instrumental figure in a covert South African government propaganda campaign in the late 1970s that, when its details became known, forced Prime Minister John Vorster from office. But their elders—the presidents and the like of rugby organizations—must know of these things.

When the invitation to tour the U.S. was extended, those same elders must, indisputably, also have been aware of the possible consequences—which may appear much sooner than they think, possibly at the open meeting of the Olympic Congress this week in Baden-Baden, West Germany. John Rodda, a highly respected English journalist, wrote last week in the eminently unsensational *Manchester Guardian*: "Ever since Misha the Bear danced across Lenin Stadium and the Olympic flame died to close the games of the 23rd Olympiad, the Russians have been waiting to make a hawkish move against Los Angeles. Not for them... a boycott... Moscow just wants the Games removed from Los Angeles,

and yesterday the plane which brought the beaten Springboks from Auckland to the United States was just the peg they needed." Rodda also reported that at the recent World Cup track and field meet in Rome, Juan Antonio Samaranch, the International Olympic Committee's president, who was once Spain's ambassador to Moscow, had gone out of his way to say how displeased he was that the U.S. rugby authorities had chosen to jeopardize the L.A. Games.

At Roosevelt Park in Racine, whence the few hundred spectators found their way via Checkpoint Charlie, there was nothing but jubilation among the men who rule U.S. rugby, even though the Midwest side went down to the Springboks 46-12. The farce continued to the end, as the TV camera crews arrived late and the protesters even later. A small handful of them rushed onto the field near the end of the game, and two were arrested, but the main body busied out from Chicago, found only an empty field, the deed done.

Moments before the end, Nelie Smith, the South African coach who had been stone-faced and silent for long enough, permitted himself a smile. "We're nearly home and dry, eh?" he murmured to an American official.

And indeed, back in Pretoria, they will be chalking up another—political—victory on the road. What damage has been done to U.S.—and international—sport remains to be seen.



A barbed of protesters armed too late, but a few others got to Racine in time to see some action



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Coryell was a paratrooper in World War II, but now that he's in football he prefers to stay aloft

San Diego Coach Don Coryell believes in victory through air power, and his team has gone 3-0 playing bombs away

by PAUL ZIMMERMAN

THE CHARGERS' FANCY IS PASSING



When the historians sit down and try to evaluate the coaches of this era, what will they say about the San Diego Chargers' Don Coryell? A genius? Maybe. But better make that an offensive genius. One of the game's true innovators? A tinkerer, a guy never satisfied with the way his team lined up, a guy compelled to put in more and still more alignments, more motion, more ways of gulping up yards in huge bites? Or will they merely brush him off as a curiosity whose teams broke all sorts of passing records while neglecting the more traditional aspects of the game?

"He's a pacemaker, a trend setter," says Kansas City Coach Marv Levy, whose Chiefs lost to Air Coryell on Sunday, 42-31. "Don was in low cuts when the rest of the world was in high tops.

"Frankly, though, I'd have trouble coaching his kind of offense. This guy in motion here, that one in motion there,

In three games Fouts has gone over the top for 59 completions, 930 yards and seven touchdowns.



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"The eaglets on the fishy-smelling platform removed themselves as far as possible from the awful intruder. Covered with chocolate-colored feathers but still showing wisps of white down here and there, they hissed at Holt, their ebony beaks held half open. They were just seven or eight weeks old and had not yet fledged, but their wings already stretched more than five feet from tip to tip and the talons of their yellow feet were large and dangerous. Using the hook at the end of his eagle stick, Holt secured a grip on the leg of one bird, dragged it across the nest, fended off the thumping blows of its wings and turned the eaglet over on its belly, facing away from him."

Did this appear in *National Geographic*? *Field and Stream*? *Audubon*? No, it's from Jim Doherty's piece on the plight of our national bird, *The Eagle Is Banded*. In *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, where the diversity of subjects reflects the wide-ranging interests of our readers.

Sports Illustrated
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Winston ran away from the Chiefs in the first half with six catches for 96 yards and a touchdown

There's a certain disgruntledness to it. I'd have trouble building the rhythm of an offense that way, building a ball-possession concept. In a way it's a mirror of the man himself. When you're with Don there's a herky-jerky quality to him. He'll get up, walk somewhere, come back, sit down, get up again."

"Ever since I've known him, he has come up with a new formation every week," says the Chargers' receivers' coach, Ernie Zampese, who was Coryell's assistant at San Diego State as far back as 1967. "He'll have a new one next week, and the week after."

What happens when you run out of weeks?

"Oh, there are only 16 of them—hopefully 19. Don has enough formations to go around."

One thing's for sure. Coryell, who's 56, will never make it into the Hall of Fame if he's called on to present his own credentials. Ask him about his innovations and his concepts and he looks annoyed. He seems to shrink a little. He talks in a voice that's barely audible. "The players, I just try to fit my offense to the players I've got," he says.

He's a fairly rugged-looking guy, well built, sturdy. He played defensive back and boxed at the University of Washington. He was a paratrooper in World War II and pulled some duty with the ski troops. He worked in the lumber camps of his native Washington, hooking cables onto logs. But when you see him in a locker room after a tough game he seems small and vulnerable.

Last Sunday Air Coryell put 28 points

on the board in the first half while Quarterback Dan Fouts was passing for 250 yards. But in the second half Kansas City buttoned up and took away the things that were working for San Diego, and the Chiefs even looked as if they would pull the game out until their fullback, Jim Hadnot, fumbled near midfield with 4:31 left. When it was over, Coryell stood in the locker room looking tired and drained, as he always does postgame.

"Why do you like to pass so much?" he was asked. The inevitable question. The Chargers had thrown 43 times and run the ball 24, and the only reason the ratio was that close was that they were trying to sit on a lead and play ball control in the second half, which meant hand-off to Chuck Muncie. The first-half ratio was 31 passes to eight runs.

"It's the thing we think we can do best," Coryell said.

When you look at Coryell's record over the years, things start jumping out at you, things he might admit grudgingly. They're landmark events that reflect the mind of an innovative genius.

Take the Power-I formation, which came into vogue at the big colleges in the 1970s. Coryell used it in 1955 at Wenatchee Valley, a junior college in Washington, to turn a winless team into one that was undefeated and went to the Potato Bowl. He recruited from Hawaii, where he had coached high school ball for two years, and from Canada, where he had coached for another two. "The team from everywhere that came from nowhere," is what they called them.

"Oh, I'm sure I didn't invent the Power-I," Coryell says. "We just called it back-left and back-right. We kind of went to it because some people got hurt."

Tommy Nugent and Frank Leahy share credit for inventing the pure, three-back, I formation, Coryell is told.

"Is that so?" he says. "I certainly wasn't aware of it at the time."

At Whittier College, where Coryell coached from 1957 to 1959, his offense produced the small colleges' second-leading runner, Max Fields, and their total-offense leader in Quarterback Gary Campbell. But it wasn't until he was well into his 12-year stint as head coach at San Diego State (1961-1972) that the world began to hear of Coryell.

He had spent 1960 as an assistant at

continued



Air Coryell, long an NFL lone wolf, is the lone running back in a new formation devised by Coryell

AIR CORYELL *continued*

USC, and he knew he couldn't compete with Southern Cal and UCLA for talent. If he was going to have a chance against the bigger schools, he'd have to come up with something different. Air Coryell was born. Sprinters and hurdlers came to San Diego State to learn how to be cornerbacks and flankers. Quarterbacks came because they knew it was a finishing school for the NFL. Brian Sipe, Don Horn, Dennis Shaw, they all got their education there. They had guys like Isaac Curtis and Gary Garrison to catch their passes, like Claude Minor, now of the Broncos, to block for them.

Three of Coryell's teams were unbeaten. In 1966 they were drawing 40,000 people a game into Aztec Stadium while the Chargers were drawing 25,000 at Balboa. San Diego Jack Murphy Stadium, which was completed in 1967, was built as much to accommodate San Diego State as to house the Chargers. Coryell was on his way.

"When I went to the St. Louis Cardinals in 1973," he says, "we used the San Diego State offense. We still use it with the Chargers, same numbering system, same method of calling plays."

The Cards won two NFC East titles in his five years there. Those Cardinal teams bear striking similarities to today's Chargers. Coryell taught Quarterback

Jim Hart the quick, five-step dropback, the quick read that Fouts uses. Drop, read, deliver. Bang! You don't get sacked that way. In 1975 Hart was sacked only eight times, still an NFL record. In three games so far this season, Fouts has thrown the ball 93 times for 930 yards. He has been sacked only once.

Coryell created a new position at St. Louis, a receiver who was neither a wide out nor a tight end, an in-between guy. The late J.V. Cain was the man, 6'4", 225 pounds and fast. When Coryell came to the Chargers in 1978 he found another one, a 6'5½", 250-pound senior at the University of Missouri named Kellen Winslow. Coryell had to have him. He gave Cleveland a second-round choice in the '79 draft to swap positions in the first round with the Chargers so they could pick Winslow. After he had

drafted Winslow, he resigned his offense, creating something entirely new.

It was the one-running back, two-tight end offense, except Winslow wasn't really a tight end. He was a slotback, sometimes lined up inside the wide receiver, sometimes outside, sometimes in tight as a blocker. It's now the Chargers' standard offense.

Last year Winslow caught 89 passes, tops in the NFL. The wide receivers—J.J. Jefferson, who last week was traded to Green Bay as the result of a salary dispute, and Charlie Joiner—caught 153 between them. All three went to the Pro Bowl and each gained more than 1,000 yards, and with 4,715 yards, Fouts broke the NFL passing yardage record he had set the year before.

Coryell's offense concept is to use the pass as a bull-control device, and the central idea of his passing game is isolation, moving people around until you've got the match you want. The key is the quick drop and delivery—and quick patterns, slants, square-outs, short posts. When the Chargers do it right, their opponents are slashed to preets, like someone being put to death with a saber. And when the defense crowds in tight to cut off the quick stuff, San Diego runs its receivers deep.

But there's one more piece, and students of Coryell's tactics say this is the heart of his offense. The quick screen. Send the back out immediately, with a lineman as protection. Sit him there while Fouts takes a quick read on the coverage. If a linebacker flies out to meet the screen man, curl a receiver underneath, or send one from the other side of the field into that linebacker's area on a slant pattern, or throw upfield.

"We'll throw upfield 73% *continued*



Rookie Brooks, who spells Air Coryell, zipped 29 yards with a pass to score against the Chiefs



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of the time after we've shown that screen," Zampese says. "It's better than a swing pass or a safety-valve, because we've got the linemen out there in front."

The only thing Coryell needed to make the concept work was the right back, and last year he found him in New Orleans, the bespectacled and gifted runner

Chuck Muncie, 6'3", 218 pounds, with lightning in his feet and merriment in his heart. The Chargers got Muncie for a second-round draft choice after the league wrote him off as uncoachable. Coryell knew about uncoachable types. He had recruited enough of them at San Diego State.



Linebacker Linden King charged in for one of the five interceptions San Diego got against the Chiefs.



The Charger defense gave the Chiefs 31 points but nearly knocked Ted McKnight's head off on this play.

This year Coryell made the package complete when he drafted a little fireball of a back out of Auburn named James Brooks on the first round. When Muncie gets tired, send in the 180-pound scooter. Against the Chiefs Sunday Muncie caught nine passes, most of them on those quick screens. The same pass to Brooks produced a dazzling 29-yard touchdown as he broke through three defenders.

No one is quite sure how to defend against the Coryell attack. Last year Pittsburgh started right off in a five-back nickel alignment, so Muncie ran for 115 yards in an overall attack that produced 488. Cleveland tried the same thing in the opener this season, with the same result: 161 yards rushing for Muncie, total yardage 535.

Going into the Kansas City game, the Chiefs' left cornerback, Gary Green, said the key to stopping Air Coryell was to get up tight, to cut off the quick patterns. For a while it worked. An inside linebacker named Frank Manumaleuga popped up in the lanes and picked off two Fouts passes. But in the meantime Fouts had found the matchup he wanted, Winslow against Strong Safety Herb Christopher. Winslow, who had caught only five passes in his first two games, caught six in the first half.

The Chiefs shut off Winslow by doubling up on him and bumping him in the second half; they rushed only three men most of that half, they played tough coverages and they nearly won it. But there was still one scary moment when the Chargers sowed utter confusion and broke Joiner down the left sideline, uncovered. Fouts' pass was overthrown.

"That was embarrassing," Kansas City Free Safety Gary Barbaro said. "They throw so much motion and stuff at you that they'll occasionally get that. It has never happened to us before, but I can't tell you how many times I've seen them do it to other people on the films."

The dark side to Air Coryell can be found in one statistic. Time of possession. Two weeks ago the Lions kept the Chargers' defense on the field for more than 38 minutes. The Chiefs controlled the ball almost nine minutes more than the Chargers did. In the long run those numbers will wear down a defense.

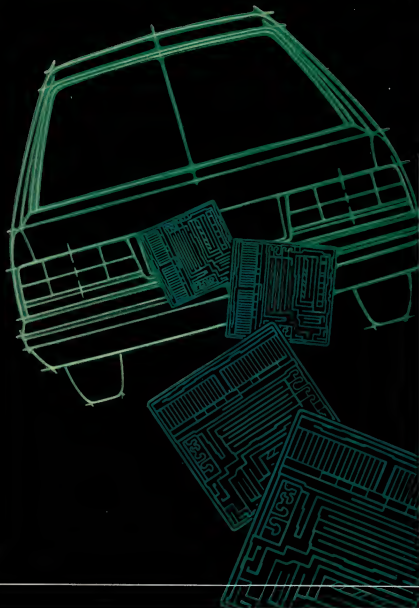
"We really prepared hard for San Diego today," Green said, "as hard as anything we've ever prepared for in this world. But now we're 2-1, they're 3-0." And passing.

END

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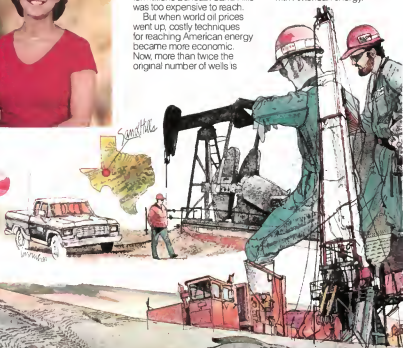
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Running backs are often evaluated by their ability to "run to daylight," but perhaps it isn't the capability to seek light that defines the most gifted, but rather how they navigate through the cyclonic darkness that swirls about them at the line of scrimmage. A lot of runners, including some very good ones, are, in this way, afraid of the dark. But at six feet and 232 pounds, Dwayne Crutchfield has always thrived in murky confusion. "Every great back has the ability to run until it gets dark, and then keep going," says Donnie Duncan, Crutchfield's coach at Iowa State. "In Dwayne's case, I think it helps him to know that when he gets to those dark places, he's going to be as powerful as anybody he meets there."

Most of Crutchfield's power comes from his thighs, which measure 31 inches around, and his low center of gravity. Crutchfield has one of the lowest centers of gravity in the business. Also one of the biggest. His combination of balance and brute strength, plus an almost feral quickness whenever he's in the grasp of a would-be tackler, allows Crutchfield to dump most defenders on their centers of gravity. After Crutchfield had ripped through Oklahoma's defense for 179 yards last season, Sooner Linebacker Mike Coast said, "I have a bruised ear and a headache from trying to tackle him. It's almost like he was trying to hit us."

Just so. "I love physical contact," says Crutchfield. "I'd rather get into a hit than avoid one, rather run over you than around you." Iowa State Strong Safety Terron Rogers, who has faced Crutchfield often in practice, speaks with the conviction of a man whose body is as purple as his prose. "Crutch looks like a freight train coming at you," Rogers says. "When you're standing in front of him, you wonder what you're doing there. I know he has put more bruises on me than I've ever put on him." In a lovely piece of Iowa imagery, Cyclone Assistant Coach Clarence Hudson compares Crutchfield's style to that of a car hurtling through a cornfield. "You look out your window and on both sides you see all those cornstalks going down—boom, boom, boom," says Hudson. "That's what it's

like watching Crutch. He just mows 'em down."

Crutchfield wasn't always the thresher he has become. When he arrived at Iowa State in the spring of 1980, he was fresh from a season in which he had led the nation's junior colleges in rushing, with 1,812 yards and a 7.5 yard per carry average at Garden City (Kansas) C.C. But at 248 pounds Crutchfield was also overweight, and found it difficult to switch from fullback to tailback in Iowa State's I formation. "A lot was expected of Dwayne when he came here," says Hudson, "and he didn't immediately run over everybody." Rocky Gillis, the Cyclones' incumbent tailback, outplayed Crutchfield that spring and held on to the job in preseason practice last fall, though Crutchfield had trimmed off 16 pounds.

On opening day 1980, Crutchfield had his center of gravity planted firmly on the bench throughout most of the first and second quarters. He might have remained there all season had Gillis not had the bad luck to throw up in the Cyclones' huddle and the bad judgment to do it on the Cyclones' quarterback, John Quinn. Crutchfield was sent in to replace the wretched Gillis, and he proceeded to run for 121 yards and two touchdowns before Duncan took him out at the end of the third period of a 42-7 win over Northeast Louisiana. Needless to say, Gillis never got his job back—he has since been moved to wide receiver and is no longer allowed to stand anywhere near the quarterback in the huddle—as Crutchfield piled up 1,312 yards on 284 carries and 11 touchdowns to lead the Big Eight in rushing. Though he's at best a long shot to win the Heisman Trophy with Herschel Walker around, Crutchfield may well go high in the next NFL draft because of the similarity of his style and his center of gravity with those of Earl Campbell. Like Camp-



Crutchfield is the one, rushing for 147 yards against Iowa

A collision course with destiny

Iowa State's Dwayne Crutchfield runs not to daylight, but into the spotlight

continued

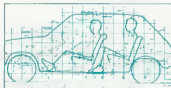


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bell, Crutchfield comes by his pole-driver locomotion naturally. "Didn't have to do no work on those," he says, glancing down at his massive thighs. When he was growing up in West College Hill, a hard-scrabble pocket of Cincinnati, Crutchfield was always bigger than other kids his age, and during the first few years he played football, he was used at tackle and then at linebacker. It wasn't until he intercepted a pass and ran it back 65 yards for a score that he was converted to fullback. At about that time, when Crutchfield was in the sixth grade, his parents were divorced, and he moved in with his grandfather, the Reverend Howard Crutchfield, a fullback-sized Baptist preacher.

As keeper of his own legend, Crutchfield has suffered occasional lapses of memory. Last year, for instance, he told a group of Big Eight football writers about an incident that one writer later touchingly depicted as "the turning point in his life." According to Crutchfield, a chum showed up one day in the seventh grade with an automobile that he said he had "borrowed." Crutchfield got into the car "and the next thing I knew, the police were chasing us and shooting at us. We stopped the car and everybody ran but me. I put up my hands and told them not to shoot anymore. They arrested me and took me to my grandfather's house. He convinced them that I didn't know anything about the stolen car, and I haven't been in trouble since." However, when Crutchfield recounted the same story to a different audience recently, it ended with him hauling his center of gravity out of the constabulary's sight as fast as he could. "I never told my grandfather about it," Crutch said sadly. "He's not going to like it when he finds out."

As a high school senior, Crutchfield was all-state in football, Cincinnati's second-leading scorer in basketball and an all-city catcher in baseball. But his grade-point was just below the mandatory 2.0 for a Division I-A school, and he was placed at Waldorf (Iowa) College by the then Iowa State coach, Earle Bruce. When Crutchfield became so unhappy at Waldorf that he tried to quit and go home, Duncan moved him to Garden City, where he would be under the watchful eye of Duncan's friend Ray Sewall. "He wouldn't allow any recruiters to talk to me," says Crutchfield, "and my mail was all intercepted. But I was going to Iowa State all the way and I didn't

really mind." Sewall's other contribution to Crutchfield's career was to state unequivocally to a reporter that "Dwayne Crutchfield is better than Earl Campbell." That one still gets a fair amount of play around the state of Iowa. "Coach Sewall meant well," says Crutchfield, "but it put a lot of pressure on me."

As Iowa State's game against archival Iowa drew closer last week, the pressure on Crutchfield increased. He doesn't eat at all on Fridays or Saturdays during the season and his mental preparation is so intense that his game face looks like a death mask. "By Friday," he says, "I'm like a zombie."

Perhaps it says more about college athletes than about Crutchfield that instead of feeling excitement or anticipation as this season approached, he was gripped with a nameless dread. "The people here have been so kind that I don't want to let anybody down," he said. Then, sadly, "My job requires me to be perfect. I'm playing with the coach's income around here—if I fumble, it may cost Coach Duncan his job. If I fumble, I feel like I've let the whole town of Ames down."

Last Saturday, Crutchfield gave a home crowd of 53,922—the largest gathering ever to see a game in Ames—exactly what it wanted to see. Starting off with a run of 40 yards on the first play of the game, he barged through the Hawkeyes for 147 yards in 36 carries. Crutchfield also scored a touchdown as the Cyclones won, 23-12. A week earlier, he had rushed for 116 yards and two touchdowns to propel his team past West Texas State 17-13. "When I've got that ball I don't have any control over myself," he says. "I just see the end zone and I don't see anything else."

Sometimes Dwayne Crutchfield runs so well in the dark places because he doesn't see them at all.

THE WEEK

by ANTHONY COTTON

SOUTH

Clemson had just knocked off defending national champion Georgia 13-3, breaking the Bulldogs' 15-game winning streak, but the main topic of conversation wasn't football but fashion, as in the special orange pants the Tigers had worn for the game. The only other time the Tigers have varied from their traditional white pants

was in an upset of South Carolina a year ago. "We knew we were going to use them when Georgia showed up on our schedule," said Clemson receiver Perry Tuttle, who scored the game's only touchdown on an eight-yard pass from Homer Jordan. "All we were saying was 'You bring your silver ones and we'll bring our orange ones and see what happens.' And we did pretty good with ours." "I'm delighted we won in orange pants," added Coach Durrey Ford. "There was a statement made that when we wore orange pants, we looked like Halloween. Well, we're delighted that it was Halloween today." Indeed, the game was scary for Georgia. The Bulldogs lost the ball nine times on turnovers, including five interceptions thrown by Quarterback Buck Boushe. Herschel Walker fumbled three times, losing two, and was held to 111 yards rushing on 28 carries. "We wanted Herschel to get the ball today," said Tiger Defensive End Ray Brown. "It had been said that Herschel wanted to run here. We welcomed that." Walker, however, gave more credit to Clemson's fans than to its defense. "The noise made me lose my concentration," he said.

Alabama also had a hard time getting it together and almost lost consecutive regular season games for the first time since 1969. Only a 37-yard field goal by Peter Kim and a nine-yard touchdown run by Jeff Fagan in the game's final two minutes gave the Tide a 19-10 win over Kentucky. Perhaps recalling his eight years as the Wildcats' coach, Bear Bryant wore a blue blazer on the sidelines. "Blue is Kentucky's color," Bryant said. "I happen to like the color blue." Crimson Tide Defensive Back Pernin didn't buy such sentimentality. "I think it was his way of psyching us up," Pernin said. "He had that Kentucky blue on to give us incentive." LSU also had to scramble to beat Oregon State 27-24. Trailing 24-20 with 4:39 to play, the Tigers marched 80 yards for the winning touchdown, a two-yard run by Jesse Myles with 55 seconds to play capping the drive.

Tennessee, 44- and 38-point losers the previous two weeks, turned the tables with a 42-0 wupout of Colorado State. Tailback Randall Morris and Quarterback Alan Cockrell each rushed for a pair of Vol touchdowns.

"I got nervous after we scored, and there wasn't that much enthusiasm on our sideline," said Georgia Tech Coach Bill Curry of his team's touchdown march the first time it had the ball against Florida. "Against Alabama we were down 10-0, and when we scored, it sounded like an explosion. Today there was nothing on our sideline. Nothing." There was also very little on the field the rest of the way for Tech as a 27-6 loss. Gator Quarterback Bob Hewko completed 17 of 28 passes for 201 yards and two touchdowns and scored another on a one-yard run. Comparing Florida to Alabama, last week's victim, Georgia Tech Cornerback Ted Thurston said, "Florida is much bigger and faster than Alabama and

"'Castleberry,' I said, 'we're in big trouble.'

'Yeah,' was all he said. He was shivering too hard to carry on a full conversation.

We started jogging toward Stephenville. I didn't miss my shoes much—my feet were pretty tough since I only wore shoes when absolutely necessary, anyway—but I sure missed all the other stuff I usually wore in winter. Fortunately, it was about 4 a.m. and there were no cars on the road. But, unfortunately, dawn was about three hours away, and unless we were going to set a world record for the 41-mile run we would be out on the road just plain naked when the sun came up. Our only consolation was in knowing there were 23 other naked freshmen running around the countryside. We hoped the law would take that into consideration and not be too harsh on us individually."

Is this from the New Yorker? Harpers? Or is it a scene from "Animal House"? No, it's from Giles Tippet's article *Reminiscence*, about the hazing of frosh football players. In *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, where we cover the entire spectrum of sport—from far-out and funny freshman football or local little league baseball, to the professional drama of the Super Bowl or the World Series.

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they came of age against us. They just stuck the ball down our throats. They put it so as really good."

North Carolina and North Carolina State appear to be headed for an Oct. 17 showdown in Raleigh. The Tar Heels swamped Miami of Ohio 49-7 as Kelvin (The Other) Bryant was a bear of a rusher, gaining 136 yards in 29 carries. Bryant also scored five touchdowns, giving him 11 in two games. Meanwhile, the Wolfpack beat East Carolina 31-10 as freshman Tailback Joe McIntosh, in the starting lineup for the first time, carried 24 times for 167 yards and one TD. McIntosh also threw a seven-yard pass to Quarterback Tol Avery for another score.

"Our offensive line got its backside whipped. Our offense was inept," said Miami Coach Howard Schnellenberger after the Hurricanes' 12-7 win over Houston. Good thing for Miami that its defense was anything. Houston, which scored its TD on an interception return, was held in check by Hurricane Defensive Tackle Lester Williams, who had 17 tackles, three sacks and a fumble recovery, and Middle Guard Tony Chickillo, who had 12 tackles and one sack. Safety Fred Marion set up a pair of Miami scores with a fumble recovery and a 31-yard punt return.

MIDWEST Told by Coach Tom Osborne that winning the kicking battle was essential to beating Florida State, Nebraska special teamers came through splendidly in the Cornhuskers' 34-14 win. With Nebraska ahead only 10-7 halfway through the third quarter, Irving Fryar returned a Florida State punt 82 yards for a touchdown. On the ensuing kickoff, Mike Knox clobbered the Seminoles' Greg Allen, causing a fumble that Tony Felici caught on the fly and returned 13 yards for another score. Cornhusker I back Roger Craig then tried to get into the act. Making a rare appearance on the kickoff-return team, he took a Florida State kick on his own six-yard line but accidentally stepped out of bounds. Undaunted, Craig booted a 94-yard TD run on the next play from scrimmage.

Southern Cal. held scoreless until 10:34 into the third quarter, got three late touchdowns to beat Indiana 21-0. One Trojan who was turned on all game long was Marcus Allen; he rushed for 274 yards in 60 carries. Wisconsin couldn't come up with an encore to its upset of Michigan and lost 31-13 to UCLA. The game was close statistically, with Wisconsin making three first downs more than the Bruins and having only five fewer yards in total offense, but the Badgers also had the edge in mistakes. The biggest came early in the third quarter when UCLA led 21-13. With the ball on the Badgers' 40-yard line, Wisconsin Quarterback Jess Cole threw what was intended to be a quick pass to Flanker Thad McFadden. The ball fell behind McFadden—and behind the spot from which Cole had

SI TOP 20

1. TEXAS (2-0)	1 *
2. USC (2-0)	2
3. PENN. STATE (1-0)	4
4. OKLAHOMA (1-0)	5
5. UCLA (2-0)	8
6. N. CAROLINA (2-0)	8
7. PITT (2-0)	9
8. OHIO STATE (2-0)	10
9. MICHIGAN (1-1)	17
10. NOTRE DAME (1-1)	3
11. WASHINGTON (2-0)	11
12. MISS. STATE (2-0)	12
13. BYU (3-0)	13
14. NEBRASKA (1-1)	18
15. GEORGIA (2-1)	7
16. MIAMI (2-0)	16
17. ALABAMA (2-1)	19
18. ARIZONA ST. (2-0)	—
19. CLEMSON (3-0)	—
20. MISSOURI (2-0)	—

* Last week

thrown it. While the Wisconsin players watched what they believed to be an incomplete pass roll around, UCLA Safety Tom Sullivan recovered what was actually a lateral on the Wisconsin 22. Five plays later Tight End Tim Wingham caught his second touchdown pass of the day from Quarterback Tom Ramsey and the Bruins were ahead 28-13. "I can't fault our players for not chasing the ball," said Wisconsin Coach Dave McClain. "It's something we haven't worked on. I'll take the blame for that."

Ohio State Quarterback Bob Aiba could take plenty of the credit after the Buckeyes' 27-13 win over Michigan State. Replacing Quarterback Art Schlichter, who injured his right ankle in the third quarter, Aiba scored a touchdown on a 27-yard sneak, in addition to kicking field goals of 27 and 24 yards and three extra points and punting five times for a 40-yard average. Michigan State kicker Morten Andersen set a Big Ten record with a 63-yard field goal. In other games, Minnesota defeated Purdue 16-13 and Illinois edged Syracuse 17-14.

Missouri Quarterback Mike Hyde set one school mark and tied another in the Tigers' 42-10 triumph over Rice. He completed 17 of 21 passes for 225 yards, a record 81%, and threw for a record-tying four touchdowns.

EAST Cincinnati, fired a week ago by Penn State, was scorched again by Pitt, 38-7. Working against a defense that regularly used an eight-man front, Pitt Quarterback Dan Marino completed 22 passes in 30 attempts for 270 yards and five touchdowns. Marino had a sixth scoring toss called back because of a penalty. Split End Julius

Dewkins caught eight passes for 119 yards and four TDs. The Panthers' defense was also hot. Cincinnati ran the ball 43 times for minus 28 yards, while Pitt defenders sacked Bearcat passers five times.

Penn won its second game in three seasons, beating Cornell 29-22. Sophomore Split End Karl Hall caught five passes for 252 yards, including touchdown grabs of 60, 84 and 93 yards, the last breaking a 23-year-old Quaker mark. Yale's Rich Dana rushed for 196 yards, an Eli single-game record, and scored three TDs as the Elis beat Brown 28-7. In other Ivy League games, Harvard defeated Columbia 23-6 and Dartmouth routed Princeton 32-13.

Fourth-quarter fumbles by Texas A&M and Maryland led to opponents' touchdowns—and defeats. Boston College beat the Aggies 13-12, and West Virginia defeated the Terps 17-13.

Temple, giddy after wins over William and Mary and Syracuse, was knocked off by Delaware 13-7, the only non-Division I-A opponent on the Owls' schedule. The two schools have met every year since 1954. "The objectives of our programs are so far different we hardly belong on the same field," said Delaware Coach Tubby Raymond. That was before two K.C. Knobloch field goals and a 35-yard touchdown pass from Rick Scully to Mark Stremmer quartered the Owls, who must face Penn State, Georgia and Pitt in upcoming weeks.

WEST "Good Lord, I've never seen anything like it. It was one of the poorest exhibitions of offense I've ever seen. I've never seen so many of their guys in our backfield." So said Washington Coach Don James after his Huskies beat Kansas State 20-3. James was upset by Washington's three fumbles and two interceptions. And the loss of Quarterback Tim Cowan for six to eight weeks because of a pulled ligament in the thumb of his passing hand did nothing to improve James' disposition.

The mood was even less sunny at Stanford after San Jose State defeated the Cardinals 28-6. Coach Jack Elway's Spartans won by almost shutting out his son, John, who had completed 33 of 44 passes for 418 yards a week earlier against Purdue. He connected on only six of 24 for 72 yards and no scores against San Jose State. Five of his passes were intercepted. Afterward Elway signed a contract to play baseball with the New York Yankees. The contract will allow him to complete his football eligibility with the Cardinals.

Arizona State beat Wichita State 33-21 as Quarterback Mike Pagel completed 15 of 35 passes for 223 yards and three TDs.

SOUTHWEST There was a carnival atmosphere in El Paso Sunday night for the debut of Billy Alton, UTEP's new coach, and his version of Billy Ball, which includes a three-

continued

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wide-receiver offense, varying defensive fronts, even blue and white war paint on many of the players. Said Alton, "We're using every motivational device known to modern coaching. It's new, it's exciting, it's fun." It's also 0-1 after visiting Brigham Young bombed UTEP 65-8. Cougar Quarterback Jim McMahon completed 21 of 31 passes for 267 yards and four touchdowns to become the first passer in NCAA history to throw for 200-plus yards in 14 consecutive games. With Georgia's loss to Clemson, Brigham Young's 15-game winning streak is now the nation's longest.

In its 23-10 win over North Texas State, Texas not only moved the ball on offense, but in a manner of speaking, on defense as well. The Longhorns held the Eagles to minus 17 yards rushing and sacked Quarterback Shaw Thompson six times for another 63 yards in losses. Thompson twice was called for intentionally grounding the ball. Leading the defensive charge was Tackle Kenneth Sims with eight unassisted tackles, seven assists and parts of four sacks. Tailback A.J. (Jam) Jones rushed for 105 yards and two touchdowns in his 1981 debut. "There's a lot of fire and spirit on our football team. It wasn't all that pretty, but it was a win," said Texas Coach Fred Akers. "And if you can't enjoy a win, you can't enjoy anything. We did just enough to foul things up a lot of the time." Grumbling travelled to Irving, Texas for its first game ever against a Southwest Conference opponent, but SMU made the occasion less than gala, routing the Tigers 59-27. Junior tailbacks Eric Dickinson and Craig James paced the Mustangs, Dickinson rushing for 142 yards and four touchdowns and James rambling for 104 yards. Together they became the first SMU runners to gain more than 100 yards in five consecutive games. James and Dickinson also moved into

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Roger Craig, Nebraska's junior I back, earned 20 times for 234 yards and one touchdown in the Cornhuskers' 34-14 win over Florida State. The yardage was the third highest for a single game in Nebraska history.

DEFENSE: Fred Marion, a senior safety for the University of Miami, made six tackles, caused one fumble, recovered another and intercepted two passes in a 12-7 win over Houston. Marion has had 13 career interceptions.

60th and eighth place, respectively, on the Mustangs' all-time rushing list.

Arkansas had drives of 75, 61, 52, 48 and 48 yards in beating Northwestern 38-7. The Razorbacks' ball-control offense was so effective that they didn't have to punt until only nine minutes remained in the fourth quarter, their only punt of the game.

BYND

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I certify that I am of legal drinking age under the laws of my state.

Merry Christmas, said the Mets last December, we're releasing you. So Bill Almon, home for the holidays in Warwick, R.I., had a decision to make. He could go into his family's medical-supply business, make use of his B.A. from Brown by opening a sociology store, or give baseball one more try. In matters such as these, the whole Almon clan has its say, and on the Sunday after Christmas, Ted and Giona, their sons Ted, Bob, Bill and John, their daughters Mary and Anne-Marie and all of the children's spouses gathered in mom's and pop's living room and talked things over. They sent Bill back to baseball with their blessings. "It's terrible to grow old saying, 'What if?'" says the elder Ted in explaining the decision.

Now there are no ifs, ands or buts about it. Almon, who plays for the Chicago White Sox, is the best shortstop in the American League this year. As of last Sunday he was the leader at his position in batting average (.309) and stolen bases (14) and was second to Milwaukee's Robin Yount in RBIs (39). And as if the White Sox don't quite believe it, he was still hitting ninth in the order. The long and lanky—6' 3", 190 pounds—Almon also has fielded with the aggressive grace and consistency of a Marly Marionette. Eat your hearts out, Mets, Expos and Padres.

"There's no doubt we're more competitive this year," says Chicago Manager Tony LaRussa, "and there's no doubt that Bill's a major reason for that." Almon's teammates concur in that assessment. Last Friday night they were marking their ballots in a poll to name the season's outstanding players in the American League. The rules said they couldn't vote for fellow White Sox, and it killed them not to put Almon down twice—for shortstop and Comeback Player of the Year.

Such nice things used to be predicted for Almon. Back in

1971 he was approached by many big league teams interested in drafting him out of high school, but the family voted 7-1, with brother Ted the only dissenter, that Bill should go to college. Although San Diego picked him in the 10th round, he went to Brown, which had a baseball tradition that included only one major-leaguer of note, Irving (Bump) Hadley, who pitched for six different teams between 1926 and 1941.

After Almon set many school records and became an All-America his junior year, the Padres made him the

No. 1 choice in the 1974 draft. The Almon family members also decided at the time that they wouldn't use an agent to negotiate the contract, as sort of a gesture against greed.

Almon was San Diego's shortstop of the future for three years. The future got a jolt in April of '76 when Almon was hit by a double-play throw from his first baseman on the Padres' Hawaii farm team, Joe Peptone, as a runner was going into second. The ball deflected off the runner's shoulder and struck Almon in the face, knocking him unconscious. He went into convulsions and "swallowed" his tongue, and only the quick action of the opponent's trainer and two of his teammates saved his life. But Almon finished the season batting .291, and to this day he has never bucked off as the middleman in a double play.

In 1977 Almon and Mike Champion were proclaimed San Diego's shortstop and second baseman for the next 10 years. To celebrate the occasion, the first thing the Padres did was change Almon's old upright batting style to a crouch. "They thought that because I was a shortstop, I should hit like a shortstop," says Almon. "Choke up, skip at the ball. I didn't argue. These were professionals and I was just out of college." Almon had a good year, batting .261, stealing 20 bases and leading the league in putouts and sacrifice hits.

The Padres, however, had another shortstop coming up—the brilliant Ozzie Smith. So the next spring Manager Alvin Dark made Almon a second baseman. He stayed there until Dark lost his job just before the season began and new manager Roger Craig moved Almon to third. However, Craig complained that Almon didn't hit like a third baseman—another example of baseball stupidity—and the next spring returned him to second as a reserve. Thereafter Almon was labeled a utility infielder and the label

Almon is now a joy

Bill Almon's sweet season for Chicago is making his former teams look like nuts



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stuck. Chimpson, meanwhile, had disappeared from the majors.

In 1980 Almon was traded to the Expos along with Dan Briggs for Dave Cash. "The first day, Dick Williams called me into his office and told me the Expos had been trying to get me for two years," says Almon. "The next time he talked to me was July 1 when he said he wanted to send me down to Triple-A."

As a three-year man, Almon had the option of accepting the demotion or becoming a free agent, so he chose to shop his services around. He even hired an agent on a temporary basis. Cincinnati, Oakland, Seattle and San Francisco expressed interest, but Almon picked the lowly Mets because he thought he would have a better opportunity of playing for them. But his bad luck continued. He strained some tendons in his throwing hand and sprained his back. Nonetheless the Mets asked him to play hurt because their second baseman, Doug Flynn, had a broken wrist. "I agreed, even though I knew I was only 70%," Almon says. "At least I could give them 100% of my 70%, and I thought they understood." He batted only .170 for the Mets in 48 games.

After last season Frank Cashen, the Mets' general manager, told Almon to wait until after the winter meetings before finalizing a contract. Cashen even called Almon during the meetings to ask him about the personal life of former San Diego teammate Randy Jones, whom the Mets were considering in a trade. A week later, on Dec. 19, Cashen called again—to tell Almon he had been released.

"It wasn't a wet blanket, exactly, on our reunion," says Almon's father, "but it did have a dampening effect." Says Bill, "When the family got together, all my possibilities were discussed. We never put it to a vote, but the consensus was that I should try one more year."

After Christmas, Almon, a lifelong Red Sox fan, placed several calls to Haywood Sullivan, Boston's general manager. The Red Sox had just traded Bursleson, and Almon was a semi-local kid, after all. When Sullivan got back to him, it was to say thanks but no thanks.

Then Almon's luck took a turn for the better. Rhode Island is a small state (no kidding), and Roland Hemond, the White Sox general manager, was in his hometown of Central Falls, R.I., visiting his family, and the whole state started bugging him. So in late January, Hemond ap-

proached Almon. "Roland was perfectly honest with me, which was a change," says Almon. "He offered me a Triple-A contract and a chance to make the club in spring training."

In the meantime Almon was working out in a batting cage in Brown's venerable Marvel Gym with his father and brother John, a former minor-leaguer. "Dad and I sort of decided together that I should go back to my old batting stance, standing up and holding the bat down at the end," says Bill. "After all, that's what got me to the majors in the first place."

Armed with his old stance, Almon reported early to the Sox training camp to work on his hitting and fielding. "I was straightforward with him," says Chicago Coach Bobby Winkles. "I told him, 'Your hands aren't very good, but I think I can help you. You're catching the ball off your right foot, and, consequently, the ball keeps popping out. Relax and take it in the middle of your body.' He was what I call a robot player, very stiff. But he listened, and not every 22-year-old player takes kindly to coaching."

Almon was also helped immeasurably by the misfortunes that befell the White Sox' other shortstops in spring training. Todd Cruz hurt his back and Greg Pryor hurt his ribs, and Almon got a lot of playing time during exhibition games. Still, he wasn't sure whether he would go north to Chicago or Edmonton until Winkles called to give him the good news at 5:30 p.m. on the eve of Opening Day.

Since then, he has become something of a favorite at Comiskey Park, where fans regularly hang an ALMON SOX banner. He has made a fair number of errors in the field—17—but as LaRussa says, "Every one of them was because he overplayed, tried too hard. In fact, I haven't seen him underplay in the field, at bat or on the bases, all year."

It's no small irony that the White Sox double-play combination of Almon and Tony Bernazard, who was acquired at the winter meetings, sat on the bench in Montreal last year. Not only have they performed well together, but their combined batting average of .289 at the end of last week was 74 points higher than that of Expos Shortstop Chris Speier and Second Baseman Rodney Scott. Met Shortstop Frank Taveras was hitting .227. How nice of the Mets and Expos to send the White Sox Christmas gifts.

THE WEEK

(Sept. 14-20)

by HERM WEISKOPF

NL EAST "When you find the Lord and get Him in your heart, everything is fine," said Garry Templeton upon returning to the Cardinals (3-5). Templeton, who had undergone psychiatric care in the three weeks following his suspension for making obscene gestures on the field, was certainly reborn in the plate; he had hits in his first four at bats, stole a base and accounted for all the St. Louis runs in a 3-2 win in Montreal. Joaquin Andujar, who is 40-49 against the rest of the league, ran his record against the Expos to 9-0 by beating them 7-4 with the aid of Derrell Porter's five RBIs. The latest victim of the Cardinals' injury hex was their hot boy, who suffered a fractured linearpaw when struck by a foul.

Montreal (4-8), meanwhile, was fretting over the fracture of the right hand sustained by Tim Lincecum. It will probably limit him to pinch-running the rest of the season. Bill Lee returned to the rotation, beat St. Louis 4-3 and lost to Chicago 2-1. As Lee himself described it, he "winked out—went nuts" after his defeat, kicking over a clubhouse blackboard and vomiting as he jogged around a nearby park. Two other pitchers experienced no such frustration against Chicago: Scott Sanderson won 31-0 with a five-hitter, and Bill Guletsky won a 4-0 victory as he struck out 13 and gave up only three hits.

Just when the Mets (4-31) looked as though they would again be the Big Apple's lemon, they started playing like a top banana. Not even 15 strikeouts in eight innings by Steve Carlton of the Phillies could deter the Mets, who won 5-4 when John Stearns hit his first home run in 25 months and 769 at bats. Overcoming a bunch of Carlton whiffs was nothing new for New York, which 12 years and one day earlier had beaten him 4-3 even though he had tied a major league record with 19 strikeouts. In fact, Carlton's career record, 261-173 against the rest of the league, is only 25-28 against the Mets. New York also socked it to St. Louis 8-1, 6-2, and 7-6. The final victory in that series was achieved when Moose Wilson walloped a two-out, two-run homer in the bottom of the ninth inning. Hurricane Brooks batted 500.

While defeating the Cubs 8-2, Luis Tiant of the Pirates (2-2) struck out eight batters and hit a three-run double. Mike Easler's RBI double in the ninth, followed by two errors on one play by Phillies leftfielder Gary Matthews, helped Pittsburgh beat Philly 7-6.

Matthews redeemed himself the next day, getting three RBIs as the Phillies (4-2) drubbed the Blues 8-2. "I felt like Thomas Edison," said Dick Ruthven of his experiences

continues

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to solve a second-season pitching breakdown that had resulted in a 6.38 ERA. Finally, after viewing tapes of himself—he found he was turning his body too much during his delivery—Ruthven adjusted his form, held the Mets to five hits and won 3-1.

Last season's batting champ, Bill Buckner of the Cubs (1-3), who was in a dreadful early-season slump, rained his average to .313. His two-run triple, plus the first pitching of Mike Krukow and Randy Martz, took care of Montreal 2-1. Since going to the bullpen, Martz has had a 0.35 ERA in 13 relief appearances.

ST L 21-17 MONT 20-15 NY 19-20
CHI 17-20 PHIL 17-21 PITT 16-23

NL WEST By combating something odd—a stance he first used 10 years ago—with something new—lifting weights—Alan Ashby has given division-leading Houston (4-3) some much needed power. Ashby, who didn't have a homer before the strike, slugged his fourth since it ended as Vern Ruhle beat the Giants 8-1. Joe Niekro defeated San Diego 9-0.

Fernando Valenzuela of the Dodgers (3-4) also hurled a shutout, 2-0 against the Braves, to equal the modern big league record of eight set in 1913 by Ewell Russell of the White Sox. En route to his 13th triumph, Valenzuela yielded only three hits.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. That's how many pitches Johnny Bench of Cincinnati (6-1) fouled off before slamming a dramatic two-run pinch homer in the ninth for a 5-4 victory in L.A. Other clutch performers for Cincy: Charlie Leibrandt, who pitched a 4-0 win over the Astros; Joe Eidelin, who provided six innings of one-hit relief in a 7-3 victory against the Dodgers; and Dave Concepcion, whose RBI single in the 10th gave Tom Seaver a 1-0 triumph over the Giants.

No, they weren't filming a Bela Lugosi chiller at Candlestick Park; it was merely one of the foggiest and eeriest nights ever there—which is saying something—as the Giants (4-3) beat the Astros 5-2. During the game Johnnie Lerner's inside-the-park homer became a ground-rule double because, as an umpire correctly saw it, Houston Rightfielder Terry Puhl had trouble prying the ball out of a paper cup that had blown into the field. The week's deffest bit of barwork, though, was Dave Bergman's perfect suicide bunt in the ninth that defeated the Braves 6-5.

Atlanta (2-5) also lost 4-2 in San Francisco, as bungled-up base running put two Braves on third. Giant First Baseman Enos Cabell dashed to third with the ball and tagged out Claudiell Washington, who had run there from first. When the ump yelled "Out!" Brett Butler, the other Brave at third, thought the call was meant for him. So he came off the bag, and Cabell tagged him to complete a double play. Larry McWilliams ended Atlanta's five-game losing streak

by beating San Diego 3-0 on two singles.

For a change, the Padres (2-5) stole some bases—four—as they beat the Braves 6-3.

HOUS 26-14 CIN 23-16 LA 22-15
SF 21-16 ATL 20-15 SD 12-29

AL WEST "There's no friction between players and between players and manager," said Don Quisenberry of the Royals (4-2). When asked how Dick Howser had brought about such harmony in just three weeks as the Kansas City skipper, Quisenberry replied, "He flew in Ann Landers." George Brett, meanwhile, was flying off the handle. Brett got into his second scuffle of the year with members of the media, a minor tiff with two reporters. Dennis Leonard didn't throw any punches, but on the night Sugar Ray Leonard pummeled Thomas Hearns, Dennis KO'd the Angels 3-1. As for Quisenberry, he earned two saves.

Although weakened by a virus, roommates Dwayne Murphy and Steve McCatty helped boost the A's (4-2) above .500. Murphy hit three home runs; a two-run drive in the eighth

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

GARRY TEMPLETON: The 25-year-old shortstop for the Cardinals returned from a three-week suspension, had 14 hits in 31 at bats (.452), scored five times, slammed three doubles, had two RBIs and stole two bases.

to give Mike Norris a 2-1 victory in Texas, a grand slam to help McCatty defeat the White Sox 10-5, and a 445-foot blast in Chicago as Rick Langford won 2-1. Dave McKay lent Murphy a hand by going on a 450 tear.

Minnesota (3-3) clung to third, thanks to two saves by Doug Corbett and clutch hits by newcomers Ron Washington and Dave Engle in 6-3 wins. Washington's two-run single highlighted a three-run eighth that beat Toronto, and Engle had four RBIs against Texas.

Bump Willis, the best little second baseman in Texas (3-3), had four hits, as did Al Oliver, during a 12-2 laughter over Oakland. And Doc Medich, the best surgeon in baseball, performed a bypass operation on Twins hitters, who swung over, under and around his pitches in a 6-0 two-hit defeat. Mickey Rivers, who batted .500, had three hits in that game.

Manager Rene Lachemann of the Mariners (3-3) twice beat the percentages when he let lefthanded batters stand in against southpaws. Lachemann, aware that Bruce Bochte had hit well against Chicago's Jerry Koosman, put him in the lineup. Bochte came through with a homer in the seventh to break a 1-1 tie and ignite an 8-4 triumph. Later, hoping "to get Danny Meyer's confidence back," Lachemann didn't lift him for a pinch swinger when Jeffy Paul Spittorff relieved for Kansas City. Meyer responded with his first homer of the

season and the second of three in the inning for the Mariners, who won 4-1.

Four White Sox (3-3) were thumbed from one game for arguing with the ump. Chicago's loss that day to the Mariners was part of a prolonged downward spiral: 17 defeats in 22 games while tumbling from first to fifth.

The Angels (0-6) played like the Disneyland characters with whom they share Anaheim. California hitters batted like Mackey Mouse (.237), fielded like Goofy (six errors) and ran like Donald Duck (one steal).

KC 23-17 OAK 19-18 MINN 19-21 TEX 17-20
CHI 16-23 SEA 16-23 CAL 12-25

AL EAST Carl Yastrzemski called it "the most unbelievable comeback I've ever seen" after Boston (6-1) scored seven runs, with two out in the eighth, to jolt New York 8-5. The final blow was a three-run homer by lefthanded pitcher Rick Miller, who was swinging at a 3-0 pitch from southpaw Dave LaRoche. It was the 28th come-from-behind victory for the Red Sox, and the 16th time they had won in their last at bat. It also ended a string of nine straight Sox losses to New York at Fenway Park. The next day two homers by Tony Perez beat the Yankees 4-1 and moved Boston to within half a game of first. Carney Lansford's single in the 10th gave Dennis Ekersley a 2-1 win in the second game of a four-game sweep of Detroit. Four RBIs by Jim Rice and the pinching of Bob Ojeda enabled Boston to take the finale 6-1.

A 5-1 Sunday triumph over the Indians by Jack Morris (13-5) put the Tigers (2-5) back on top after the Brewers had been there for two days. Earlier, streaky Detroit lost five straight. Seventy-eight percent of the Tigers' wins and 62% of their losses have come in streaks of three games or more.

Moore Haas and Randy Lerch of Milwaukee (4-2) beat New York 2-1 and 3-2, respectively, as both received stellar relief from Rolfe Fingers. Four innings of shutout relief by James Easterly sealed a 5-1 victory over Baltimore for Pete Vuckovich (13-4).

Bennie Ayala's three-run pinch homer in the ninth carried the Orioles (3-2) past the Indians 7-6. A five-hitter by Jim Palmer plus two homers and five RBIs by Lenn Sakata took care of Milwaukee 8-2. Bobby Murcer of the Yankees (2-4) delivered in the clutch, singing in the eighth to defeat Boston 6-4.

Bo Diaz of the Indians (1-4), a prestrike .356 hitter who was hurt three games into Part II, showed he still had some wallop. His two-run homer helped defeat Detroit 8-4. For the second week in a row Joey McLaughlin of the Blue Jays (4-2) came out of the bullpen to preserve a victory for Luis Leal, this time a 4-2 win over Minnesota.

DET 24-16 BOS 23-16 MIL 24-17 BAL 21-17
NY 21-18 TOR 19-16 CLE 12-22



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"Almost every city and town has an exquisitely landscaped, monumentally columned shrine to local war dead of World War II. The eternal flame is sometimes guarded by smartly uniformed teen-agers, frequently girls, carrying Kalashnikov assault rifles. Memory of the war easily translates into public willingness to make economic sacrifices for the sake of military preparedness." *TIME*, June 23, 1980.

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1860

TODAY

Chariots of Fire is about, foremost, manners, which once upon a time, at the remove of an ocean and a Vince Lombardi, existed, even in sports, in a place called England. The film is a period piece, lovingly, faithfully constructed by director Hugh Hudson, and essentially it presents two one-hour stories about the '24 Olympics in one two-hour film. The events are all the more affecting in their antiquity in that they took place but 60 years ago and not in some make-believe King Arthur's court or Robin Hood's forest. Here the people dress nearly like us and drive motor cars and go off to the Olympics every four years. But how they think and what they say and what matters to them are so very different. Hudson has not let nostalgia get in the way. Especially in our throwaway world, the re-creation of the recent past—when properly done, as here—staggeres the imagination so much more than does going way back into time, when people dressed funny and didn't have Blue Cross or indoor plumbing.

Indeed, I fear this work, with the cultural detail of a Dutch genre painting, may be too perceptive, too evocative for the broad American taste in sports art. It would be a pity. Neither of the athletic heroes, Harold Abrahams and Eric Liddell, is what we have come to expect—Frank Merriwell or Joe Palooka or Rocky Balboa or even Reggie Jackson. Rather, *Chariots of Fire* is a tale about an era and two real men who happened to run through it in their own fashion, meeting only once along the way.

Abrahams, played by Ben Cross, is Jewish, the son of an immigrant Lithuanian. The father was self-made, and Harold is now a Cambridge Blue, "arrogant . . . defensive to the point of pugnacity." Liddell, portrayed by Ian Charleson, is the son of Scottish Christian missionaries. Determined to become one also, he is wholly devout, utterly sure and humble alike, untroubled: "When I run I feel His pleasure." Abrahams and Liddell are both sprinters, pointing to the '24 Games in Paris and a showdown with the two U.S. speed merchants, Charlie Paddock and Jackson Scholz.

Because it's a great deal easier to por-

Nearly picture-perfect

Two sprinters—an Englishman and a Scot—journey to the '24 Olympic Games by different routes and methods in a period film of surpassing beauty and style

tray compulsion than faith, Abrahams has the more appeal and provides the better part. Movie people never know quite how to present men of faith without making them hopelessly tedious in their piety and surrounding them—as is the case here—with even dipper friends. Abrahams has all the good backup characters on his side as well, including Sir John Gielgud. All the more credit to Charleson then for how stoutly attractive he comes off. When he must confront the Prince of Wales and other Olympic pooch-babs, he commands the single best scene in the film.

Liddell stands, by the way, as an interesting transitional figure in sports religion, in a continuum that begins with the Victorian concept of "muscular Christianity"—exhaust boys on the playing fields for the same reason salt-peter is put in their food—and extends to the present Fellowship of Christian Athletes, which uses sports heroes to advertise Jesus. Liddell sometimes reads scriptures and delivers sermons after he sprints.

Cutting back and forth from his homely services in the Scottish highlands to Cambridge and the other venues where Abrahams and his upper-class WASP chums congregate isn't always easy. There is too much booking and filling. For the same reason, though the whole film is so very subtle, the minor characters who come across best are necessarily the most obvious ones: Gielgud as a Cambridge master; Ian Holm as Abrahams' coach; Nigel Havers as Lord Andrew Lindsay, who trains for the hurdles on champagne and cigarettes; and, perhaps best of all, David Yelland as the supercilious Prince of Wales, the incipient Duke of Windsor.

What makes these two disparate sagas meld and grasp as is, above all, the gentle camera work, which so perfectly fondles England at this moment in its past that

never do we doubt the people who inhabit the place, even if we may be puzzled by their attitudes. It's only a shame that once again—even in a movie as true and sophisticated as this one—the sporting scenes are marred by slow-motion sequences. Can't people in movies run and jump and bat and throw at the same speed with which they do everything else?

But if *Chariots of Fire* is tarnished by that one ghastly cliché, no other part is seriously flawed, and one comes away with a warm sense that whatever Abrahams and Liddell took from athletics was a fair bargain for sport. It's not just England that has changed.

END



Charleson, Cross: Two approaches to one event





Take a gander at Goose Gossage in mid-flight and you know why the Yankee pitcher is baseball's most feared reliever. His neck strains, his face contorts, his long arms and legs flail and his fastball comes blazing to the plate at 100 per *by WILLIAM HACK*

GOOSE!

The mountain lakes in the Colorado Rockies near Gossage's home yield welcome relaxation and long strings of rainbow trout.



They parked the Blazer where the road ended and the trail began, and from there they set off on foot. It was mid-October in the Colorado Rockies. The two men were above the timberline and the chilly air sparkled. In the distance, mountain goats climbed the bare rocks, and elk prints crossed the trail. Rick Gossage had been here before, but on this fall day in 1978 he was returning with a guest, on a pilgrimage of sorts.

Gossage and Bruce Kison had been friends since early 1977, when they both

pitched for the Pittsburgh Pirates, and they had remained close even after Gossage had signed late that year to play for the New York Yankees. They had hunted elk the day before, but Gossage had told Kison of a secluded lake—a place quite like heaven—at the end of the trail. So Kison, eager to fish it, had made him promise to take him there. They hiked the mile and a half up the trail, to where it rose over a saddle of land, and then walked together to the lake, which is called Ptarmigan.

It sits at the bottom of a bowl of rock



whose sides, except for the entrance over the saddle, wrap around and above it like immense mezzanines and upper decks. "If you put seats in there," Gossage says, "it would be a perfect stadium." They sat in silence on the shore. What Gossage felt then was something akin to a religious experience.

He had just been through three of the most tumultuous months in his life. For more than two of them the Yankees had clawed and scratched their way to the championship of the American League East, coming from 14 games behind to tie the Boston Red Sox at the wire. Then there was a playoff game, on a perfect autumn day in Fenway Park. New York led Boston 5-4 in the last of the ninth, two on and two out, when the roars of

32,925 spectators were cut off abruptly, as if by a switch. Carl Yastrzemski had popped up a Gossage fastball for the final out. The Goose, as Gossage is known, then beat the Kansas City Royals to clinch the American League pennant, and for six innings in the World Series, he blew rising pens past the Dodgers, giving up one hit in three games. His ERA was 0.00.

And now, just a few days after that final out in Chavez Ravine, he was on the shore of a lake about the size of a baseball field, with the stands inhabited only by geese, looking at the mountains reflected in the water and attempting vainly to remember what had occurred in those dramatic weeks "Man, it's hard to picture 50,000 people in here," he

finally said to Kison. "I just can't, no matter how hard I try." He endeavored to recall what had happened to him in Fenway Park, but it was as if a kind of amnesia had set in. He tried to picture Yankee Stadium, to impose his image of it on the lake, but he couldn't do it. In the surpassing solitude of this place he was transported from baseball.

"You're in a spot where there's no sound, hardly a wind, high up near a lake, and it's eerie, like a void in your life," he says. "You can hear your heart ticking. You can sense things are going on in your body that you didn't know were going on. It's so quiet that it's loud. It almost hurts. It becomes like a train going through your head. The solitude. It's like my dad used to say: 'Oh! This is it.' I

continued

love the mountains. It's like there's nothing else going on, anywhere. I escape there. I love it there. I can breathe again."

Gossage is at home on summits—the mountains of his beloved Colorado, the mounds of all the parks where he plays the game of baseball. He thrives on the edge of precipices, whether figurative, as in the bottom of the ninth at Fenway Park, or literal, as at Pope's Bluff outside of Colorado Springs, where he's building a home.

He works in short relief, perhaps the ultimate specialist in an increasingly specialized game, and a 100-mph fastball is the mainspring of his craft. "Rollie Fingers was great," says Reggie Jackson, "but Gossage is the best I've ever seen. He's better than Fingers. He's not a Hall-of-Famer like Fingers yet, because he hasn't been doing it as long, but this guy has such a dominant pitch."

"He puts guys like me on his cereal for breakfast," says Seattle's Tom Paciorek,

who was batting a lousy .331 at week's end. "He's the most intimidating pitcher I've ever seen. When he comes out of the bullpen, that's just what he looks like—a bull. There's smoke coming out of his nose and his cap is down over his eyes, and he's so big and hulking. You need a cape to face Gossage, not a baseball bat...."

There have been occasions when not even an atoning board would've done the trick. At one time or another over the last 18 years, Tony Perez has faced the best pitchers in baseball: in the National League, for Cincinnati and Montreal; now, in the American League, for the Red Sox. He has hit against Bob Gibson, Tom Seaver, Nolan Ryan and J.R. Richard, so he knows how hot the fire can get. But the single nastiest pitch he ever saw came just last year in Fenway Park, on the night of June 30, when he faced Gossage in the bottom of the ninth.

It was the kind of moment for which the Goose was made. The Yankees were leading 6-3, with two out and the bases loaded. The first fastball cut the outside corner—strike one. The second arrow split the first, and Perez swung and missed. Then came the third, the one that Perez will always remember, again a fastball on the outside corner, only faster. Three feet in front of the plate, the ball suddenly jumped. Perez took a feeble half swing and was out.

"That pitch was unhittable," says Perez. "I have to say, the best I ever saw. I don't think anybody can hit that pitch, especially right-handed hitters. It was too hard and too on the black, and the way he threw it, there's no way I'm going to hit it. When he makes good pitches, you're dead."

Such tales about Gossage abound in the major leagues. There was the time he was playing for Pittsburgh and he struck out eight of the 11 Dodgers he faced, and the L.A. players got riled because they felt the Pirate catcher, Duffy Dyer, was trying to show them up by not even

bothering to hide the sign calling for fastballs after fastballs. "They were taking, they were swinging, they weren't even fouling the ball off," Kison says. One night in 1978, with none out, the tying run on third and the lead run on second in the ninth inning, Gossage came in to get the Seattle Mariners out and save a Yankee win with exactly 11 pitches.

"I remember he threw three pitches to me and I was out," Paciorek says, "and he threw three pitches to Bob Robertson and he was out, and then Julio Cruz was up and he really had a good at bat against him. Julio took one pitch for a ball and fouled off another with two strikes, so that he actually took Gossage to five pitches. Eleven pitches and we were out, and that was the ball game. That was the most awesome display of relief pitching I've ever seen."

Gossage has been a relief pitcher for most of his 10 years in the big leagues, but it has been only since 1975, when he found his lost fastball and saved 26 games for the White Sox, that he began to approach the level he's playing at now. In every season since then, except 1979, when he had only 18 saves—that was the year he tore a ligament in his right thumb during a scuffle in the clubhouse with Cliff Johnson—and 1976, when he was a starter for the Sox, he has saved at least 26 games.

During that same period, his ERA as a reliever has never climbed to more than 2.64: 1975, 142 innings, 130 strikeouts, 1.84 ERA; 1977, 26 saves, 133 innings, 151 strikeouts, 1.62 ERA; 1978, 27 saves, 134 innings, 122 strikeouts, 2.01 ERA; 1979, 58 innings, 41 strikeouts, 2.64 ERA; 1980, 33 saves, 99 innings, 103 strikeouts, 2.27 ERA. This year, despite the strike, at week's end Gossage already had 20 saves in 23 chances—winning two of the three games in which he blew the saves. In the 42½ innings he had worked, he had 44 strikeouts. His ERA: 0.63. And when the American League East divisional playoff begins on Oct. 7, he could be the key to the Yankees' postseason hopes, just as he was in 1978.

The numbers are revealing, but in a sense they are beside the point. The point is that Richard Michael Gossage, 30, is one of the few athletes in American sport who can single-handedly dominate a game. When his manager summons

continued



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After a heavy workout at Yankee Stadium, Rick naturally prefers a light refreshment.

GOOSE! continued

Goose into a game in a late inning, with no outs and the lead run on, the move is as near as anything there is in baseball to the closing of the mating net in chess. It all begins in the bullpen, around the fifth inning:

"That's when the adrenaline begins to flow," Gossage says. "I start to keep my eyes open. Start to take deep breaths. I can feel it pumping. It's like a chain reaction. It's the sixth inning, and I look up and we're in the game. It's 2-1, 3-2, my type of ball game. All right! Seventh inning it's the same score. I start to get up. Maybe you see the starter's having a little trouble. Eighth inning, base hit! O.K. The phone rings. The pitching coach is calling from the dugout."

Jeff Torborg, the Yankee bullpen coach, picks up the phone. "I grab my glove, I already know it's for me. He don't even have to tell me. Jeff answers it and says, 'Goose! That's it. Then there's another base hit. Two men on in the eighth. I start throwing faster. Soon as I get the ball back from the catcher I throw it again. Five or six pitches. I'm ready to really start cutting loose. The phone rings again. Jeff answers it. He says, 'Goose, you ready?' I say, 'Yeah.' He says, 'Yeah, he's ready.' Then I start really pumping. Boy! I throw six or seven pitches in the bullpen as hard as I can throw. Just air 'em out. Then I see the manager come out. He's walking to

the mound. The umpire waves at me. I get my jacket and get into that car, and that's when it really starts kickin' in. I can feel the adrenaline. I'm teed off now. On the ride in, at Yankee Stadium, I'll tell the driver, Danny, the groundskeeper, 'Thanks for the ride, you —!' And then I'll slam the door."

For hitters, there's nothing quite like seeing him there on the mound, watching the last of his warmups, stepping in and getting set for the first pitch. There is a wonderful simplicity to it all, no sleight of hand, no artifice. Pittsburgh isn't the only place catchers haven't bothered to conceal their signals. After Gossage got to the Yankees, the late Thurman Munson used to crouch behind the plate, his mitt up on his left hand, and wave his right in front of his chest, beckoning for the fastball, as the hitter looked back watching him. When Gossage protested—"Let's at least try to fool 'em"—Munson just cocked his head and said with a grin, "Who are you trying to fool?"

So they know what's coming; the only question is where. When Gossage winds up, he turns and almost faces leftfield, hiding the ball, until the hitter sees only the number on his back: 54. "I know the hitter's saying, 'Damn! Does he know where this pitch is going?'" Gossage says. And then he spins forward, all arms and legs flying at once toward the plate, in a twisting three-quarter delivery that makes it appear to righthanders as if he is coming from behind them. "He looks

like he's falling out of a tree," says Larry Sherry, one of Gossage's early minor league coaches who's now in the Dodger system. "All limbs are coming at you."

"When he turns that ball loose," says Cliff Johnson, who's now with Oakland, "he looks like the guy that Jack killed in the beanstalk."

There's no telling what the ball will do. "Knee-high it's liable to do anything," Yastrzemski says. "Sometimes it sinks a little; sometimes it comes at you a little. At that speed, it does enough." Some players say it rises, sailing up and in to a righthanded hitter—or is it up and away? Still others report that it does everything but call a cab: It "darts" and "drifts" and "jumps" and "rides." There are days, just half a dozen or so of them in a season, when Gossage works himself into such a fury that he feels himself falling into a kind of trance.

"Oh, I love it," he says. "The tougher it is, the more I love it. The better I am. I need that adrenaline. I don't get it unless the game is on the line. I love the excitement. I just love it. I thrive on it. I feed on it. Sometimes I feel like I'm going to blow up. One time, when I was with the White Sox, [Manager] Chuck Tanner took me out of a game. I had men on base and I was pumped up, and he came out to the mound. My eyes were weird. Real big. He called me into his office after the game, and he looked worried and he asked me, 'Do you take something?' I said, 'What do you mean?' And he said, 'Do you take something, like greenies?' I was 21 or 22 years old. I didn't even know what a greenie was. I just got crazy out there."

"I pitch that ball, and I can feel a shudder go through my body. At times I get so high I don't even know what happens. I feel like I'm almost on the end of the world. I feel I'm on the brink of going over. It's like a thousand hearts are beating all over my body. It's scary, weird. It's like I'm standing on the edge of a cliff."

Pope's Bluff is a sandstone finger of land that stands about 300 feet above the northwest end of Colorado Springs, at the foot of the Rockies. Gossage was born in the Springs on July 5, 1951 and still makes his home there. He grew up in the Roswell section of town, in a cramped one-bedroom house on Beacon Street, the fifth of the six children of Sue and

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Mother Goose gives Rick some pointers.

Jack Gossage. Jack worked off and on as a coal miner and landscaper and nearly struck it rich mining for gold in Cripple Creek, on the other side of Pikes Peak.

"He had gold fever, he did," Sue says. "He leased a mine and hit a good strike, but instead of running in a vein, like it

Gossage and his goslings, Jeff and Keith.



should have, it was only a pocket. When they dug deeper and it petered out, he couldn't bring himself to tell me for a month. So disappointing! But there are stories like that all over. When you strike it rich in Cripple Creek, you have it made. We missed the boat."

Jack preferred roaming the mountains to mining coal and tending lawns, and the family grew up poor on Beacon Street. "He liked the outdoors a lot more than he liked to work," Gossage says. "He was that kind of guy, a free spirit. He didn't give a damn about anything. But a heart of gold." Jack poached deer, hunted rabbits and took Rick to search for arrowheads on top of Pope's Bluff. "It was our favorite place," Gossage says. "When we first started going up there, we found them fairly regularly. It took years—10 or 15, I guess—to collect the 100 good ones that we have."

They also spent summer days together, fishing for trout in the mountains up around the old mining town of Leadville, about 80 miles west of Colorado Springs. Jack's brother, Bert, had a cabin there, at the Mt. Massive Lakes Trout Club, where members fished for rainbows in private lakes stocked and tended by the club. Rick and his father visited Mt. Massive frequently to help Bert wet his lines. Bert was a handyman for Freda Maytag, an heiress to the washing-machine fortune. In the 1930s, she had built one of the best cabins at the club.

Only one place was off limits to young Rick, as he was and is known to family and friends. (White Sox scout Bill Kimball was the one who signed Gossage and christened him Rich, a name that has stuck with the press and fans.) "Now don't you go near the Maytag cabin," Sue Gossage would say. Rick knew his place and never did. It didn't matter. The freedom to roam the hills was as boundless as the landscape itself. It was up there, in the rarefied heights 9,500 feet above sea level, that he came to love the mountains and lakes.

School never interested him much. It confined and bored him. He became a fine athlete, though, and found out in little league that he could throw. So did everyone who read the sports pages of the *Colorado Springs Sun*. In 1963, under the headline RICK GOSSAGE HURLS ANGELS TO YAL LIGHTWEIGHT CROWN, a story began: "Hard-throwing right-hander

Rick Gossage fired a sparkling no-hitter and struck out 14 batters to haul the Padgett Realty Angels to the Young American League lightweight city championship.... The Angel fireballer struck out the last 13 Mets to face him."

Gossage spent hours throwing into a pitching net his parents had splurged for, but it didn't last long, and he threw against the one-step stoop outside the house. "He threw by the hour," Sue says. "Constantly, constantly, constantly." At times he'd miss the stoop and the ball would crash into the screen door. It ended up in splinters. "You're going to tear the place down," Sue would yell.

He's still throwing and throwing, and breaking things, too. Early last March, before one of the first games of spring training, Gossage took the mound to throw batting practice. A bucket of balls sat beside him on the mound, and soon he was throwing them as fast as he could pick them up, harder and harder. He began to look demonic, his eyes wide and flashing. Jackson watched from behind the cage. "I bet he breaks your bat," he told Rick. Cerone as Cerone walked to the plate. The bat split on the next pitch. When the bucket was finally empty, Gossage stalked off to the clubhouse. It was as if he had just blown Perez away.

"When I see a bag of baseballs, I just seem to go crazy," he says. "I start throwing them, and I can't stop till I've thrown them all. I mean, they're just sitting there in the bag, and I want to throw each one harder than the last."

He had the same compulsion as a boy. "He threw all the time," says his older brother, Jack. "Rocks and stones and things. He'd go to the park at night and throw baseballs for as long as someone would catch him." Often he would pitch to brother Jack, who would drive the boy to tears. Rick always threw as hard as he could, but older brothers can be devilish. "Come on," Jack would say. "Put a little mustard on it." And: "You're not even throwing the damn ball." But Rick was, you know, he was. "I'd be grunting and groaning and throwing as hard as I could," Rick says. But Jack kept prodding and goading him, until: "Pretty soon I had tears in my eyes."

At Wasson High School, Gossage became a scrappy basketball forward with a jump shot from the corner and no fear of bumping elbows under the boards. He

became very good at hoops, eventually becoming the captain of the Wasson basketball team. But by then there was no doubt where he was going. In 1968, when Gossage was a lanky 150-pound sophomore, Kent Hill was the Wasson baseball coach. One day, with the state high school baseball tournament not far off, Hill told Gossage that he had decided to keep the same three senior pitchers in the rotation.

They had been doing well, and Hill felt he owed it to them. But there was this intrasquad game coming up, Hill said to Gossage, and he wanted Gossage to work against the older players then. "Rick was a whole of a competitor, and he got so hyped up," Hill says. "That grim determination. The same thing that you see now. It was six innings, at least, before anybody even touched the ball. The seniors were in awe."

The next year, Gossage's father died. "He was a very lonely kid," Hill says. "They were so close in such an interesting way—as buddy to buddy, in the wilds a lot." Rick was his father's friend, his companion, his joy. Jack and Sue went to all Rick's games, loved to watch him pitch. "He'll be something someday," the old man used to say.

Jack had failed as a gold miner and he was never very good when it came to providing for his wife and kids, but he did leave his son a hunting rifle, a case of arrowheads and the sweet memories of wandering the hills outside of town, of catching trout at Mt. Massive Lakes and of gathering flint on Pope's Bluff. When Jack died, Rick did what you would expect the younger son of his father to do. "He went to the mountains to cut wood," Hill says.

Gossage was a star baseball player at Wasson High his senior year, a 6' 2" reed of a kid with an elastic arm and a fast ball that went bump at the plate. The White Sox drafted him in the ninth round in June of 1970, when he was just out of high school, and sent him to their Gulf Coast League team at Sarasota, Fla. It was in these early years that Sherry first watched Gossage fall out of trees and took a liking to him right off—in part, for the same reason that Hill had liked Gossage as a sophomore. "Rick was a very, very keen listener," Hill says. "You know, on coaching tips and so forth." Sherry found the same quality in Gos-

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sage. "Very receptive," Sherry says. "And playful. You know, he'd come around behind you and grab you around the neck. A hundred and eighty pounds of Great Dane puppy."

The White Sox sent him from Sarasota to Appleton, Wis. and in 1971 he became a phenom in A ball. He roomed with Bucky Dent, now the Yankee shortstop, and another big puppy named Terry Forster. Forster also threw darts. "Appleton was a treat," Forster says now. They had one room and one bed, from which they had removed the mattress. Dent slept on the box spring, and Forster and Gossage shared the mattress on the floor. They bought pots and pans at a Goodwill store. Forster bought a beat-up Chevy for \$150, and they traveled in dubious style to all the beer halls of Appleton.

Forster and Gossage wrestled all the time, big puppies that they were. And they threw pillows at each other at 60 per. They also threw each other. One night, in Clinton, Iowa, a raging pillow fight ended when Forster threw Gossage over a bed and Gossage struck a lump on the night table and dislocated a big toe. "Tear rooms up," Gossage says. "Tip over tables and dressers. Tear the hell out of everything. We'd end up laying there laughing. 'Look in this room.'"

They pitched, too. Oh, how they pitched! The first pitch that Forster ever saw Gossage throw at Appleton was in relief of him. Forster had allowed a man to reach third when Gossage came in. He was nervous as hell. He wound up and let fly his very first offering in Appleton, a hanging curve.

"He missed the on-deck hitter by an inch," Forster says. The other team's third base coach couldn't resist. He walked into the dugout and moments later reappeared wearing a catcher's mask. The fans howled. "I thought to myself," Forster says, "Who's this guy?" He was becoming the Goose.

After his rocky beginning in 1970,

Gossage was sensational at Appleton in 1971. A starter, he finished the year as the leading pitcher in the league, with an 18-2 record, 149 strikeouts and an ERA of 1.83. He wished only that his dad could see him now.

Tanner called him up the next year, and until 1978 it remained the most vivid of his career. After a strike delayed Opening Day for two weeks, the Sox began the season in Kansas City. One of Gossage's idols at the time was Dick Al-

spoken, Gossage felt a rush. "Psyched me out," he says. "He just stood in there. You want to show him what you have." So Gossage threw harder. "And harder," he says. "After each pitch Dick just kind of nodded his head. Like, 'Yeah. Nice pitch. Nice fastball.' I was throwing good, real hard and good." He'd just thrown his hardest when Allen left the plate and came up to him and said, "I want to tell you just one thing. For as long as you're in baseball, always keep a shirt on that arm. Always keep it covered."

That was all Allen said. He turned and walked away. This was almost 10 years ago, and many players have said many things to Gossage since then, but he remembers that as clearly as the smell of rain. Gossage was only a rookie—just an elementary student of the game, really—and for him that season was like a piano recital with Chopin on the stool. By watching Allen in that one season, he learned how beautifully his game could be played.

"Dick Allen is the greatest player I've ever seen," Gossage says. "He's in another league. He's up there by himself, and everyone else is down here. He did everything when it counted. I'll never see it duplicated."

Gossage watched Allen, fascinated, and learned from him in the process. "What Allen was best at was setting up pitchers," Gossage says. "If I didn't see him set up pitchers a hundred times, I didn't see him set them up once. He'd strike out two times in a game and look awful. Early in the game? On a slider? With nobody on? Looked terrible. He'd be setting a pitcher up for later in the game—when it counted. He was saying, 'Throw me that same slider you struck me out on twice.' Heh! Next time up, bases loaded late in a game, he'd hit a pet somewhere. Unbelievable. You talk about the word awesome—and that word is overused—he was awesome. He's the only guy I'd ever be afraid to face. Yeah, I have no fear of anyone else."



Gossage was also a basketball standout at Wauson High.

len, who was about to have the best season of his life, an MVP year with the Sox. Before the opener in Royals Stadium, Gossage was warming up on the sidelines, throwing hard but not his hardest, when he glanced up and saw Allen leaning on his bat and watching him throw. Rick's blood surged; the master was in judgment. So he threw harder. And harder.

All of a sudden, Allen strolled to the plate to which Rick was throwing and stood alongside it with his bat cocked as if he were about to hit. No words were

continued

Tanner loved those two guys in the pen—Rick long and Terry short. They threw BBs. "Two of the hardest young throwers I ever saw in baseball," Tanner says. "You know what I liked about Gossage? I liked his face. People laugh when I tell them that. But it's true. I can't describe what I mean. You don't recognize it till you see it, but he has got a winning face."

Successful or not, Gossage thought that '72 was a long season. "I always believed being in the bullpen was a demotion," he says. "It was a hell-hole. You didn't get any recognition there. The bullpen was always where the starter who could no longer start was sent. It seemed like your old starters all ended up in the bullpen. That's where you were sent when you were finished. Now, if you can't start anymore, you're not sent to the pen. You're through."

The game has changed. Today you win it with a stopper in the pen. Tanner put Gossage there not because he thought Gossage couldn't start—he never really tried Gossage at that—but because he sensed that relieving suited Gossage. He could keep the ball down, throw strikes, warm up quickly, pitch without rest and throw extremely hard. Finest pitchers can make it in the pen, of course, coaxing ground balls to short, but the ones most prized are those who can strike hitters out.

Gossage loved Chicago. Both he and Forster got married early in their careers there. Gossage to Corna Lukaszewicz, a hometown sweetheart, and Forster to Pam Sherley. The four became close. The Gossages have two boys now—Jeff, 3, and Keith, 2—but there were no such responsibilities back then. They drank a lot of beer—"We used to drink ourselves into oblivion," Corna says—and they dined together frequently.

Those were fun years in Chicago, the best. The Gossages were a pinch, playing it very loose. One evening the two couples were in an Italian restaurant in Chicago when the waitress, bearing plates of salad, leaned over Corna to set

one in front of Rick. The salad in the waitress' other hand slipped off the plate and settled, like a lettuce bonnet, on Corna's head. Italian dressing dripped down her cheeks. "Rick and Corna rolled on the floor laughing," Pam says.

They didn't have much money back in those days, but that didn't matter. They spent what they didn't have anyway. "Once, when I was making about \$20,000, Corna and I took out a \$300 loan and spent most of it on a big dinner," Gossage says. "We always had a good

ball, but that's as far as it went. He had no knowledge of fastballs."

Gossage worked on the breaking ball constantly. And he found himself getting shellied when he got into games and tried to throw hard. "I'd lost my fastball," he says. "It was scary. I never got to the point where I didn't think I could regain it. I just couldn't figure out where it went to. It was the first time in my life I'd ever been without it. At that point, I didn't know anything about pitching. I'd always worked hard at throwing. Real

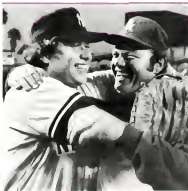
hard. What people don't realize is that you have to work on your fastball as much as you work on your breaking ball. I know because I lost it. You lose movement and velocity. You lose everything."

These days Gossage throws what he calls a "slurve," a combination slider-curve. Set off against the fastball, his slurve is a nasty pitch. Sain taught it to him. If he lost his fastball developing it, Gossage says, it almost seems worth it now. Yet he often struggled during those first three years in Chicago: 1972, 7-1, 4.28 ERA, 80 innings, 1973, 0-4, 7.38 ERA, 50 innings, with a stretch in the minor leagues, 1974, 4-6, 4.15 ERA, 89 innings, with a spell in Appleton. Gossage needs steady work. In fact, says Carone, Gossage is at his best when he's slightly tired, because

then he tends to throw less with his arm and more with his whole body. He didn't get the work he needed in Chicago. "Not enough innings," he says. "Only 80? I was a long man."

He got his chance to really work in 1975 when Forster spent most of the year on the disabled list. Gossage became the stopper in the White Sox pen, putting in 142 innings and leading the league with those 26 saves. He may have felt the pen was purgatory in 1972, but no more. He relished the work. Tanner left the next year, and the new manager, Paul Richards, made him a starter in 1976. Gossage was 9-17, with a 3.94 ERA, and by year's end he longed for the pen again. "I don't know if I have the patience to be a starter," he says. "I

continued



Gossage and Forster reined at the 1978 World Series.

time. We never worried about money."

But it did trouble him when, in 1973, he lost his fastball. It was a consequence of two things: too little work and too much breaking ball. All his life he had been a thrower. "I had no clue about a breaking ball," he says. When Gossage got to Chicago, though, pitching Coach Johnny Sain urged him to develop an effective slider. Gossage recalls Sain's telling him, "You can't throw the ball by hitters. You have to come up with some kind of breaking ball."

"How did I know any different?" Gossage says. "I was just happy to be in the big leagues. He had me believing it, too. Sain held to the theory that you can't throw the ball by a guy, because he never did. A great instructor on the breaking

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almost went nuts waiting five days to pitch." Tanner went from Oakland to Pittsburgh after the 1976 season, and in the winter meetings that year, he got both Gossage and Foster in a trade for Richie Zisk and Silvio Martinez. Tanner called Gossage from the Baltimore Hotel in Los Angeles. "You're back in the pen," Tanner told him.

"Great," Gossage said.

He had a superlative year with the Pirates, who even provided him with a hulk-pen companion—a real, live long-necked goose named Dr. K. It was a great year to have a great year, because the age of free agency had begun. "The timing was perfect," he says. "I'd have been crazy not to go on the free-agent market." Yankee owner George Steinbrenner signed him to a six-year contract that Gossage couldn't have dreamed of only two years before: \$2,748,000 in all, with a \$750,000 signing bonus and a \$333,000 annual salary.

On the day he signed, he called his mother on Beacon Street from the Plaza Hotel in New York and said, "You should see this room I'm in! It's bigger than our whole house." One of the first things he did with his bonus was to buy her a larger place in Colorado Springs. Another thing he did was just as nice. He learned that the Maytag cabin, the one that was always off limits to him as a boy, was up for sale. So he bought that, too. "I never dreamed I'd own that place," he says. Finally, he bought a 30-acre piece of land on Pope's Bluff, the place he plans to build the house.

For Gossage, it wasn't easy being a Yankee in the first part of the 1978 season. Sparky Lyle had won the Cy Young Award in the American League the year before, and here came Gossage to share the pen with him. Gossage and Lyle got on well, but fans cursed Gossage and chanted, "We want Lyle! We want Lyle!" The pressures squeezed him. For the first five weeks of the season, he struggled. "I couldn't get anybody out," he says. "I mean, I was going up ropes."

Gossage had shared the relief chores in Pittsburgh with Kent Tekulve, who says that he learned one important thing from Gos-

sage: "It was mental. Be laid back. Go with the flow. You're going to get your brains knocked out once in a while, but you just have to come back and throw again. He's the kind of guy who could leave the park when the game was over and go out for a couple of beers, and sitting there in the bar, you couldn't tell whether he'd won or lost. It was like he was always on an even keel."

That saved Gossage in New York. But he had help from Munson, for one, and Centerfielder Mickey Rivers, for another. Gossage had known and liked Munson for years. When he had been with the White Sox, he had thrown against the Yankees in the first game of a double-header and accidentally hit Munson in the elbow with a pitch. Munson went to the hospital for X rays, which were negative. Before the second game began, a hat boy gave Gossage a handwritten note. It said, "I took your heat — shot!" It was signed "The White Gorilla."

Gossage and Munson became close friends thereafter, and early in 1978, on one of those occasions when Gossage was getting shelled, Munson came to the mound. Gossage hates catchers coming to the mound, and he asked Munson what the hell he wanted. Says Gossage, "He looked at me goofy—you know the goofy

look he had—and he said, 'Are you — trying?' I said, 'Yeah I'm — trying!' He said, 'You ain't — trying.' We're standing out there arguing."

But no one made Gossage laugh like Rivers. Hitters had been driving fastball after fastball to centerfield warning tracks during several of Gossage's most recent appearances, with Rivers chasing here and there to catch them, and one day Munson came to the mound and said, "Check out Rivers."

Gossage turned to centerfield, and there was Rivers crouched, facing the centerfield wall, in a running back's standard three-point stance, as if ready for the next rope. He was looking back over his shoulder at the pitcher. "I saw that and it took me about five minutes to get control of myself again," Gossage says.

And then there was the day, in the midst of all this, when Gossage got the call to come in during a close game against Boston at Yankee Stadium. He got into the car in the Yankee bullpen in left centerfield. When the bullpen door opened, Gossage heard a splat. Rivers was sprawled on the hood of the car, feigning anguish and tears.

"No! No!" Rivers cried. "Please don't bring him in! Please! We wanna win!

We don't wanna lose!" Gossage howled at him. "Get your ass off of there!" Rivers said. "No! We don't wanna lose!" Gossage promised to send a line drive Rivers' way. "Just get ready to chase the mother down!" Gossage said. Sure enough, on the first pitch the batter crushed a drive to center. Gossage spun around. "Get on your horse, Mack!" he yelled. Rivers caught it on the run at the track. "I was laughing out loud," Gossage says.

Gossage came around, of course, in time to help the Yankees catch Boston in the frantic race through September. Then he popped up Yaz and beat the Royals and drove the Dodgers to despair. Soon after, he was sitting by Ptarmigan Lake with Kwon, trying to picture and hear it again. All he could see was the reflection of the mountains in the lake, and all he could hear was the wind.



A fight early in 1978 costed New York's Goose.



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FOR THE RECORD

A member of the week Sept. 14-20

Compiled by ALEXANDER WOLFF

BOXING—**MIKE RYAN**, 142 lbs., will be undefeated world welterweight champion with a 14th-round TKO of Thomas Hearns in Las Vegas (June 10).

[illegible]

GOLF—SANDRA HAYNIE's seven-under-par 281 gave her a one-shot victory over Judy Clark in a \$355,000 LPGA tournament in High Point, N.C.

TOM WILKOFF shot a 10-under-par 278 to win a \$150,000 PGA tournament in Abilene, Texas, by two strokes over Earl Morgan.

The 1.5 m-deeped Lagoon (1000 m²) was the 24th Re-
scue Cup marshall at Waltham Heath, England.

HORSE RACING—SCOTT NASHLA (\$27,400) Ruler
Blunderup beat Amber Party 1/2 length to win the
\$40,000 Marlboro Cup at Belmont Park. The 3-year-old
colt made 1 1/2 miles in 2:00 1/2.

MOTORSPORTS—NELL BUNNITT, age 19, 561
10th Avenue, St. Louis, Mo. (Tel. 1-234-5678)

most Speedway is a Ford, with a 900-rank, N.A.S.C. AR exactly 11% lap-over Darrell Waltrip, in a Buick.

At the Mugello International Speedway in Brooklyn, N.Y., MEARS won a 150cc Formula 4 ART event by driving his Parodi-Cossworth at an average of 129.957 mph around the two-mile oval. He finished a quarter-mile ahead of Marco Andreini, on a Wilk, a Cossworth

ROAD RACING—**HERE** LINDSAY, of Boulder, Colo., set two American records at the Maple Leaf Half Marathon in Manchester, N.H. His time of 1:01:47 for the 13.1 miles lowered by 29 seconds the old mark set by Stan Miller in January, 1980 and he came in also better than Miller's two-week-old 70-kilometer record of 59:08 with a broken of 58:17.

ACCURACY NAME: For the fourth year in five years the Celtics will be in the Soviet Bowl, and for the fourth year in six seasons they'll have earned Chicago's Chicago in the league's scoring champion. But it's worth it and last week in the end, he'll be a good head coach for the Lakers. 4-1-1 in the first 5 games in the league's championship game in Toronto on Sept. 26 that Chicago will win its first NBA Most Valuable Player Award & Chicago's second MVP award. 1991, solving San Diego's basketball problem for only the second time, in which the team's record was 2-1 in the first 5 games, the first semifinal series, and the second. Last time, the Celtics won both championships in the 2-1 season.

ANL Hugh O'Neill waded with five minutes left in the second overtime to give the Carolina Lightning a 2-1 victory at New York Island in the league championship game in Charlotte.

TEPPER, A. N. & J. C. M. R. A. from Bering Range 6-4
 1/2 way a 50°N 100°W location in Alaska

[illegible]

the clean and jerk and the snatch lifting 492 pounds and 432 pounds, respectively, to break records he set in the 1988 Olympics. And Hagen Hagstad of Belgium snatched 408 pounds to break his own 1984 world record.

WRESTLING—At the world freestyle championships in Skopje, Yugoslavia, CHRIS CAMPBELL of America was the lone gold medalist for the U.S., which placed both the SCOTT TILLY and Italy in the 130-pound competition. Campbell won the 1973 world title.

MLB REPORTS—ANNOUNCING IT: By the North American Soccer League. The finding of the California Surf, the Calgary Boomers and the Dallas Tornado, as well as the possible folding of the Washington Diplomats, for last year's post \$150,000 bonds required by the league. The loss of those franchises would reduce the NASL's membership to 10 teams.

DRUGGLED By the Baltimore Citys in the request of
NHL Commissioner Peter, Wollersheimer, General Manager,
JOHN L. NUTT (48) who had been a (sp) all com-
munity for his team. The league objected to Nutt's con-
nection with The Hustler, a floorball gambling pub-
licity as well as the city's drug, by the team.

JO LEEB, 31, a San Antonio jury, that Boston's Chris Far-
land LARRY HIRSH, 24, as well as wife-debt-free, who, in
-track for HIRSH-MIRLA, 27, with a gym bag after a
game in January 1990. The jury denied \$14,000 of the
\$625,000 in damages he had sought and cleared for the
4,000, Carter and Coach DAVID COWEN, 32, of as
such charges.

TRAFFIC By the San Diego Chargers, All Pro Wide Receiver **JOHN JEFFERSON**, 29, arrives at his locker to the cheers of his fans for another record-breaking season of 63 catches, 1,044 yards and 10 touchdowns. The deal is contingent on Jefferson's re-signing to the Packers, and moving a physical.

CREDITS

[illegible]

FACES IN THE CROWD

SIGNEY DELONG
 Editor



DeLong, a 34-year-old lawyer, won the Run to the Sun 37½-mile ultramarathon on Mount in 4:59:26. He broke by 38 minutes the year-old record for the race, which ends at the top of the 10,000-foot Haleakala volcano.

SANDY HESS
hess@sandyhess.com



Sandy hit-patched Sheppensburg to a 5-2 victory over Naples, Fla. in the final game of the senior girls division of the Softball World Series in Kalamazoo, Mich. She was 9-0 and had two no-hitters in nine outings during postseason play.

DAYLE WADSWORTH
Los Angeles

Gayle, now 14, got four gold medals in events for girls 13 and under at the U.S. girls age group track and field championships. She won the 100 meters (12.3) and the long jump (27' 8 1/2") and was on the victorious 400-meter and mile relay teams.

THOMAS SCHAHNE



Schumers, 19, a sophomore at the University of Texas, got two holes in one during an 18-hole round at the Lamarrick Country Club in O Fallon. He used the 160-yard 3rd hole with a six-iron and the 220-yard 11th with a six-iron.

CAM PRIDGEN
Executive Director



Cam, a 12-year-old pitcher for the Cubs of the Warsaw Little League, threw five straight no-hitters over two years, including a 16-strikeout six-inning perfect game. He led the league in hitting this season with a .561 average.

JOCELYN HUIF



Jocelyn, 15, swam the 32 miles from Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario to Toronto in 14 hours, 56 minutes, 41 minutes she is Cindy Nicholas' record set in 1974. She is believed to be the youngest person ever to swim across Lake Ontario.

Edited by GAY FLOOD

BOUQUETS AND BOOS FOR BO
Sir:

Thank you for Douglas S. Looney's excellent article on Glenn (Bo) Schembechler (Bo Sept. 14), an insightful look at an incredibly successful yet often misunderstood coach who has been unfairly labeled a "clicker." One must admit that Michigan has had some unbelievably bad luck in postseason play, e.g., Bo's heart attack, Charles White's phantom touchdown and John Wampler's injury in the 1979 Gator Bowl.

The most impressive thing about Bo, however, is that he is the proverbial square peg in a round hole. He came to Ann Arbor, a bastion of liberalism in the Midwest, in 1969, at the height of the anti-Vietnam War demonstrations, and installed a program of discipline and regimentation second to none. Win or lose, pass or run, we have a great coach at Michigan.

TOE MALIK
Montic, Mich

Sir:

I hope your fine article about Coach Schembechler will finally inform your readers of what all of Bo's former players know so well: Bo rarely loses the real Big One in college football. He instills his honesty, integrity and intensity in all of the players he coaches so they will continue to be successful long after their days in Ann Arbor are concluded.

JOE COLEBURN
Michigan Football Team 1971-73
Los Angeles

Sir:

Thank you, Douglas S. Looney. I always knew that if my son were to develop basketball skills in high school, I would love to have him go on to play at Indiana. Now I know that if his skills should happen to be in football, he could do no better than to go to Ann Arbor.

TONY FORBES
Dixon, Ill

Sir:

I have just finished reading your fine article on Michigan Coach Bo Schembechler. I now respect him and like him a little more than I have for the past 12 years. I cheered for him and Michigan in the "tough" game against Notre Dame last week and will probably do so even in those "bigger" games against Northwestern and Illinois. But I do know this: I'm going to hate him and definitely root against him and Michigan on Nov. 21.

CHUCK DOCKEN
Ohio State '83
Kettering, Ohio

Sir:

Poor Bo! Here's a fellow who has put to-

gether a team that is "posed to make a serious run for the national championship," but he apparently forgot that you have to walk before you can run. How about those Badgers? On, Wisconsin!

GREG STARR
Columbia, S.C.

Sir:

Being picked No. 1 has proved to be a jinx for Michigan, how else can one explain the season-opener loss to lowly Wisconsin?

Would that Bo had 1) read your article; 2) recalled that 1975 Northwestern game and 3) suddenly bolted upright in his hotel room in Madison and said, "Goddam, Wisconsin is good and we aren't ready. I am sitting on an upset."

Anyway...the result at Madison "would have killed an ordinary man."

PAUL G. VILMETTI
Portland, Maine

Sir:

I found Douglas S. Looney's article canonizing Bo Schembechler as the latest dream of college coaches rather disappointing. People like Bo prove what college football has degenerated to: a big business that tolerates men like Bo as long as they fill big stadiums and get big donations from alumni.

Keep your pencil sharp, Mr. Looney, because you may soon be writing another article on Bo when Michigan is embarrassed into firing him for punching out an opposing team's middle guard on national TV like his high-class-mentor Woody Hayes, dad.

GEORGE P. LESNAK
Chicago

Sir:

Thank you for the enjoyable article on Bo Schembechler. However, you struck a nerve when you referred to Bo's alma mater as a "Miami of Ohio." The Ohio Miami was founded when the other Miami's home state was still a Spanish possession. After all, what would Bo, Woody, Ara, Carm Cozma, Walter Ahaen et al say if they heard their school called Miami of Ohio? Maybe Douglas S. Looney should strive for the same kind of perfection as Bo. It's not Miami of Ohio, Doug, it's Miami University. Got it?

CARL BERGLANT
Guilford, Conn.

BING'S SON

Sir:

Every once in a while there is a pure moment in sport. Nathaniel Crosby winning the U.S. Amateur was such an occasion (Crosby Never Gave Up Hope!, Sept. 14). Match play, a Palmer-like charge and a Crosby, such things are found only in dreams. Some say golf

is dying. If so, young Crosby has just brought it back to life.

DAVID L. SPRAGUE
Lancaster, Pa.

Sir:

My nomination for Sportsman of the Year is Nathaniel Crosby. He has done the most for his sport by running a professional tournament and winning a major, both as an amateur. Congratulations, Nathaniel.

MARTY KANANALGH
Indianapolis

OPEN COVERAGE

Sir:

I'd like to comment on Frank Deford's constructive column (TV/RADIO, Sept. 14) regarding the CBS-TV coverage of the U.S. Open tennis tournament. I'm in agreement that the avid fan would like to know what matches are coming up in the tournament. The results are old news by 11:30 p.m., having been reported many times before that. Perhaps more of John Newcombe would be beneficial. He comes across as witty and knowledgeable. Do the networks ever seek out the opinions of the serious sports buff?

RODOLPH BLICK
Toledo

Sir:

I've enjoyed Frank Deford's writing over the years, but I can't understand or agree with this piece at all. After looking forward to CBS' increased (half-hour) week-night coverage this year, I was dismayed to see the boyish face of Brent Musburger come on the tube. I've tolerated him over the years in his NFL and NBA roles as one of those people TV hires to create excitement where there isn't any. However, the Open creates its own excitement and doesn't need a Barker.

Deford came close to hitting the mark when he criticized CBS' feature pieces, which were lame, and the lack of action. There seemed to be less tennis in this year's 30-minute program than in the old 15-minute version. But he was way off base in grouping Bryant Gumbel with Musburger and Jim McKay. Gumbel is an accomplished and smooth announcer who sticks to his areas of expertise.

So rather than a "giant step up," CBS' coverage was, in my view, and that of my tennis-playing buddies, more a step in the direction of the wasteland that is most of TV.

ROBERT S. ROWLEY
Ridgely, Conn.

TENNIS TEMPERAMENTS

Sir:

Michael Baughman's article about a Dr. Jekyll tennis player discovering Mr. Hyde in an amateur tournament (SIDELINE, Sept. 14)

continued

struck a familiar chord. While the John McEnrees are unfortunately alive and well and surfacing on every tennis court from southern Oregon to Flushing Meadows, isn't it refreshing—and instructive—to see Fred Stolle and John Newcombe still having fun at the U.S. Open? Laughing their way through the doubles, they came within a few points of dumping McEnroe and Peter Fleming. Where are the Aussies when tennis needs them?

J. WILLIAM ROOMAN
Quincy, Mass.

Sir:

I know what you're thinking: First Wimbledon and then a third consecutive U.S. Open for John McEnroe. But please, not Sportsman of the Year.

MICHAEL K. FLANAGAN
Westborough, Mass.

WHOA, THERE!

Sir:

Apparently the aura of the richest thoroughbred horse race in history blurred the memory of your Clive Giammon (It's the Shoe by a Nose, Sept. 7). Temperance Hill, scratched from the Arlington Million, robbed no one of the Triple Crown by winning the Belmont Stakes in 1980. It was Coastal who upset Spectacular Bid in his attempt to wrap

up the Triple Crown. And that, we might add, was in 1979.

We were very surprised this one got by you
JEFF KRUPAS
MARK POTASH
Little Rock, Ark.

• So were we—ED

TENNESSEE'S TORMENT

Sir:

As a Tennessee fan, I congratulate John Panapack for pointing out (Sall Fivane High, Sept. 14) what so many people here in Big Orange Country need to be reminded of: 1) that Johnny Majors has come up at least one year short of his schedule for building a winner at Tennessee and 2) that Bill Battle merely gave Tennessee five consecutive bowl games.

Who knows? Majors may wind up going into business with his predecessor.

RON SCHAFER
Knoxville

Sir:

Following the 44-0 drubbing by Georgia, Tennessee fans are displaying a new bumper sticker: "WON'T YOU COME HOME BILL BATTLE! WE MADE A MAJOR MISTAKE."

CALDE L. OGGE JR.
Cleveland, Tenn.

REMEMBERING YOU

Sir:

Dan Jenkins' article *When the Frogs Were Princes* (Aug. 31) was a delightful trip down memory lane. As a student at the University of Texas in the mid-'30s, I well remember those marvelous TCU football teams that consistently dominated my beloved Longhorns. The gridiron heroes of Cy Lehard, Sammy Baugh, Davey O'Brien, Johnnie Vaughn and Ki Aldrich still linger in my memory. However, in my book, the greatest Horned Frog of them all was a rugged end named Raymond (Rags) Matthews.

On Dec. 26, 1927, in the annual East-West Shrine Game in San Francisco, Matthews playing end for the West, was instrumental in defeating a highly favored East team coached by Andy Kerr. I listened to the game on radio and still recall Matthews making fantastic tackles all over the field and electrifying the spectators at Kezar Stadium. The radio announcer, Ted Huang, bubbled with superlatives, and, at halftime, various commentators remarked that Matthews' defensive performance was the most spectacular they'd ever seen. During the second half Matthews was even more brilliant on defense.

That Hecatean performance was before

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

Jenkins' time, but I'll bet his dad took a few swigs of his favorite "tough syrup" to Rags Matthews on that day 54 years ago.

G.S. McCASLAND JR.
Monterey Park, Calif.

"SANTANA" (CONT.)

Sir:

My reading of your article on Santana (Lady with a Past, July 20) brought back some fond memories and provoked some critical objections, the latter concerning your description of the treatment that splendid yacht received at the hands of Charlie and Marty Peet.

In 1969, in Acapulco, Santana and my own yacht Senta, a 53-foot cutter designed by Philip Rhodes and built by the Oakland yard of W.F. Stone and Son, were alongside one another at the Acapulco Yacht Club. Babe Lamerdin was taking Santana back to San Francisco from the Bermuda race, and meeting him was a memorable pleasure. Babe clearly appreciated woodworking perfection and had the competence to create and maintain it. However, Santana had been sailed to the East Coast, raced to Bermuda, and then brought all the way back to the West Coast, and she looked as all wooden yachts do after thousands of continuous sea miles. Her varnish and paintwork were haggard, there were rigging and equipment problems, and it was evident that rest and recuperation were required. However, the boat was easily capable of proceeding home to San Francisco despite these defects. Santana was also successfully brought home by the Peets despite the ravages of more than two years at sea.

During recent years, the Peets have operated two different yachts in the charter business in the Caribbean, and my frequent visits aboard their Cordozzo revealed a meticulous and sustained maintenance, one incompatible with the implication that they may have been partly responsible for the engine room "pal" clattered with empty oil cans and grease reported by Lamerdin when he went aboard Santana in 1974. At the time of Babe's visit, the Peets hadn't owned Santana for more than a year.

If the Peets didn't treat Santana "like a treasure," they did demonstrate what was and is more important: that Santana was a well-designed and properly built yacht capable of sailing around the world. I suspect that her designer and builder would be more pleased about and more proud of the circumnavigation than of the dubious distinctions of lavish lunches aboard, possession by movie stars or the spit and polish and sartorial elegance of a Newport opening day.

HENRY RHODES
Aspen, Colo.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020



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